1847

THREE SUCCESSIVE

TOURS

IN THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND,

AND GREAT PART OF

SCOTLAND.

INTERSPERSED WITH

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SCENES THEY PRESENTED,

AND OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE STATE OF SOCIETY, AND THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY HENRY SKRINE, ESQ.

OF WARLEY IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

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PREFACE.

THE following Travels, written at different periods of the Author's life, were not originally designed to be printed; nor has he any apology to offer for submitting so trifling a work to the public eye, except the solicitations of some few partial friends.

The first of these Tours was made many years ago, and covers those central parts of the North of England, which are too well known to require much minute description; it has therefore been compressed into a single chapter, and is prefixed as introductory to the others, and including too material a portion of the general outline to be entirely omitted.

The second Tour was taken in the year 1787; and commencing with the vale of the Trent in Staffordshire, approached the beautiful region of the lakes of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, by Liverpool, Preston, and Lancaster. Though

frequently the subject of description, this district possesses too many charms to be passed over in silence; and has been dwelt upon with much pleasure. The ruder scenes of the Western Highlands of Scotland, though scarcely less known, presented yet superior attractions, as we approached them by the great commercial city of Glasgow; nor could Inveraray, Taymouth, or the Blair of Athol, be traversed without a due tribute of admiration. Perth, Sterling, and the proud display of Edinburgh, with its ornamented environs, terminated this travel in Scotland, which we left by Berwick; and passing through Northumberland and Durham, crossed the upper parts of Yorkshire, by Richmond, and through Wensley dale to Craven; descending again into the plains of Lancashire, and approaching Chester by Manchester. Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and a small district of South Wales, concluded the whole.

The last remaining Travel took place in the summer of 1793, and directed its course from Edinburgh to the eastern coast, by St. Andrew's, Dundee, and Aberdeen, from whence it crossed the eastern penin-

sula, and pursued the grand display of the northern bay, to Fort George and Inverness. The sublime scenery attending Loch-Ness, and surrounding the forts Augustus and William, with the tremendous pass of the Coriaraich mountain, could not fail to create a superior interest; and had the advantage of being less known to, and described by former travellers. A second visit to the Blair of Athol restored us to an inhabited country: the ornamented territory of Drummond castle combined its external beauties with the interior charms of its society; and by Sterling, Glasgow, and Hamilton, we returned to Edinburgh, taking our farewell of Scotland by Melross abbey, and the pleasing vales of the Tweed, the Tiviot, and the Eske.

Such were the objects severally pursued in these Travels, which will amply answer the end proposed, if they serve to mark out some fine points of view which have not yet been fully explored or described, to those whose pens or pencils may do them more justice. The additional illustration which might be obtained by the latter, has but too frequently sug-

gested itself in the course of the Author's numerous travels; and caused him to lament that, in recording some of the most animated scenes nature has produced in different parts of Europe, he was only qualified to substitute cold description to the happier effects of drawing, and the imagery of real landscape.

In his observations on the state of society, and the manners which prevail in the remoter parts of our island, the Author has found less difficulty; and deems it no inconsiderable advantage, that six years intervened between his second and third Tours, so that he had a fuller opportunity of observing the peculiar traits and customs, and estimating the progress of improvement. In doing this, he has been studious to be impartial and unprejudiced, in his remarks on a nation, for which collectively, as well as for many individuals to whom he has the honour of being known, he entertains a very high degree of respect and admiration.

It should be added, in apology for the style of this work, that its irregularity is occasioned by the different times and seasons in which it was written, and

the various descriptions of country it comprehends. The person also is frequently changed, to give more animation to some particular scene, and to avoid the prolixity of an uniform narrative. In matters of opinion and observation, the Author frequently speaks in the singular number; but in description he generally uses the plural, except in those parts of his Travels which he performed alone, a circumstance which occasionally happened.*

It may not be improper to add, that the Author, in each of his two last Travels, found much information, as well as entertainment, in Gray's and West's Tours of the Lakes, Ainslie's new Map, and general Account of Scotland, Dr. Johnson's Tour, and above all, in Mr. Pennant's very accurate and valuable work.—These books he strongly recommends to all future travellers in the North of England and Scotland.

* For the accidental inaccuracy also of a few repetitions of epithets, or other words, in the same sentence, he has to apologize to the reader, never having been before accustomed to correct his manuscripts for the press.

ERRATA.

Page 42, line 4 from the bottom, omit the word " boldly."

Page 116, line 8 from the bottom, for " Earls of Marishall" *read* " Earls Marischall."

TRAVELS

IN

DERBYSHIRE, YORKSHIRE,

AND

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

TRAVELS IN DERBYSHIRE, &c.

Derby—Keddleston Park—Matlock—Chatsworth—Buxton—Castleton—Sheffield—Wentworth House—Wentworth Castle—Nostall Park—Wakefield—Leeds—Moravian Settlement at Pudsey—Kirkstall Abbey—Harewood House—Ormus Cliff in Wharfe-Dale—Harrogate—Knaresborough—Rippon—Studley Gardens, and Fountains Abbey—Hackfall—Thirsk—Duncombe Park, and Rivaulx Abbey—Castle-Howard—Malton—Scarborough—Burlington Town and Quay—Beverley—Hull—Weighton—York—Bramham Park—Ferry-Bridge—Doncaster—Roche Abbey, and Sandbeck Terrace—Worksop Manor—Welbeck Abbey—Clumber House and Grounds—Thoresby Park—Newark—Southwell Cathedral—Bolsover Castle—Hardwick House—Mansfield—Nottingham Town and Castle.

THIS short preliminary Tour is meant to comprehend most of the objects worthy of observation in that interior part of the north of England, which is not covered by the two ensuing travels;—it includes therefore much of the three counties of Derby, York, and Nottingham.

The town of Derby is pleasantly situated in a rich vale, watered by the fine river Derwent, and surrounded by a variety

of wooded and cultivated hills, beyond which the bolder eminences of the Peak mark a rude but grander outline.

In our approach to these magnificent boundaries we visited Keddleston, the noble seat of Lord Scarsdale, where a modern house, almost unexampled in the correct grandeur and beauty of its architecture, is happily placed in the midst of a park distinguished by groves of the finest trees, well grouped, and divided by a broad sheet of water.

A succession of rude hills, after we had passed the pleasant village of Duffield, conducted us to the romantic spot on which the baths of Matlock are situated; where the rapid river Derwent, winding between two vast chains of rocks, forms a narrow valley, clothed with a profusion of fine wood, and enriched with a medicinal spring, which, together with the extraordinary beauty of the surrounding stripe of scenery, attracts a large portion of the public every summer.

Emerging from this tract, after passing under the huge rock called its High Torr, we entered into a more spacious vale; and followed the banks of the Derwent, winding sweetly through a mixture of villages, meadows, and cultivation, till we reached the groves of Chatsworth. This noble seat of the Devonshire family will yield to few in England, either in grandeur, extent, or the peculiarity of its design and position.—Surrounded by the rudest moors, its plantations flourish with all the luxuriance of a milder climate; and it bursts upon the eye of a traveller, descending from the hills, like a paradise formed in the midst of a desert. The traces of ancient magnificence, imitating, and in

points exceeding the dignity of Versailles, distinguish both the house and its environs; while the park, modernized in Brown's best style, encircles the Derwent with a velvet lawn, and covers all the nearer eminences with its plantations, contrasting the rough hills of the Peak which overhang it.

At the village of Middleton we approached these boundaries; and through a long hollow, strangely guarded by barriers of rocks, imitating the works of art, and frowning over us like the battlements of an ancient fortification, we emerged into a dreary wild, intersected with stone walls in every direction, and marked with a few melancholy villages. Near the centre of this gloomy district, we found the gay resort of Buxton, on a spot in which nature has lavished none but her medicinal charms. A more dismal situation can hardly be imagined; liable to incessant rains from the height of the surrounding hills, which are yet deficient in grandeur, and exposed to all the inclemency of its climate, with hardly a leaf to shelter it. Under all these disadvantages Buxton, from the efficacy of its springs, or the caprice of the fashionable world, annually attracts an immense number of visitors, who enrich both the place and its neighbourhood; in consequence of which, it has swelled from a paltry village to a handsome town; and now boasts a crescent, almost rivalling that of Bath.

It must be confessed that a stranger, whose object is to explore a curious country, may here find ample materials, as all the celebrated wonders of the Peak are within his reach; and the almost transcendent beauties of Dove-Dale are not far

distant. The charming vale of Ashborne, the gardens of Ilam, and the paintings of Okeover, may also be visited from hence with ease; neither is the cavern of Castleton an inconsiderable object. We pursued the mazes of this cave under the auspices of a guide grown grey in his office; and our return to the blaze of day, after the temporary night we had experienced, was attended with its customary degree of surprise and admiration.

Passing the village of Hope, in the midst of its rich valley, we mounted a dreary range of moors, from whence we descended to Sheffield, a dirty, unpleasant town, but rich in its manufactures.

Here the country began to improve; and after we had passed the town of Rotherham, famous for its iron works, we reached the ancient mansion of Thrybergh park, situated on a fine eminence above the river Don, and commanding all the vale from Sheffield to the hills near Doncaster, bounded towards the north by the groves and buildings of Wentworth.

Having passed some pleasant days with our friends at this place, we sat out with them to visit most of the fine objects with which the county of York abounds; and began with the splendid display of Wentworth house and its environs.

Entering the park through a neat modern gateway, the lawn, wood, and water, opened upon us with the happiest effect, and the approach to the house was attended with sufficient grandeur. The front is truly magnificent, being nearly a copy of Lord Tylney's celebrated seat on Epping forest; but the wings, which are very extensive, seem inadequate to the structure, and defi-

cient in taste. The whole also, both without and within, appears unfinished; and perhaps it ought to be lamented, that too great an outline has been taken to be completed within the life, or by the taste, of any one possessor. An attempt was made by its late noble owner to remove a hill in front, which excludes great part of the distant prospect; but this, though partly effected, seems to have stagnated from the difficulty of the undertaking, and will probably never be accomplished. The views, however, of the park and its extensive plantations, with two lofty pillars which mark its boundaries, are sufficiently striking; and well diversified with all the ornaments of wood, water, and fine swells of ground.

About half a mile from Wentworth house, we passed through the village of Wentworth; and soon afterwards reached an obelisk, directing our way, through a well clumped avenue, across a heath, to the groves which encompass Wentworth castle, the fine seat of the Earl of Strafford. Much beauty as well as grandeur is exhibited in the approach, which partakes of the rural and forest-like species of scenery, but somewhat ornamented, till it terminates in a spacious park, where a profusion of wood and water appears most judiciously disposed, and the two grand fronts of the house burst on the sight with almost unequalled magnificence. This great pile of building exhibits a happy specimen of the architecture prevailing in two different ages, which yet sufficiently correspond with each other to please the eye when united. The old front is a very extensive, bold, plain building, containing several good apartments, together with the

hall, and a magnificent gallery, extending through the house, and supported at each end by two pillars of foreign marble. The view from the windows of this noble room is enchantingly striking, commanding the whole vale with its opposite hills, abundantly clothed with wood and villages, and decorated with several ornamental buildings, while the verdant lawn of the park sloping gradually to a great sheet of water, so dispersed as to assume the form of a serpentine river, and surrounded by noble groves of oaks, descending on each side of the house, strongly contrasts the wilder features of the distant prospect. The new front, forming an angle with the other, exhibits a beautiful specimen of the Grecian taste, in its chaste decoration, and its highly finished portico, resting on fluted Corinthian pillars.—If I could mark a defect, it should consist in the frames of the windows being burnished with gold, which, though admissible in such a house as Chatsworth, is not compatible with the taste of a more modern building. The new apartments also, which are yet in an unfinished state, are too uniform in point of size to equal the grandeur of the exterior. The gardens of this place, rising above the house, are well laid out, and are crowned with a high building imitating a castle, which contains a handsome room, and commands an unbounded prospect over a fine country; to embellish which, the beauty of the park and its adjacent woods contributes not a little.

Crossing the vale, to which Wentworth castle gives so great an ornament, we ascended the opposite hill to the pleasantly situated inn of Bank-Top, and soon reached the gloomy town of

Barnsley, covering a steep descent with its dirty streets, and blackened with the tinge of its manufactures.

Here we deserted the great road, and pursued a wretched lane, for the purpose of visiting Nostall Park, the seat of Sir Rowland Wynne, which ill repaid our curiosity.—An overgrown, and yet unfinished modern house, in the midst of a bare and flat park, without features or keeping, could indeed interest a stranger but little; and the surrounding country, crowded with collieries, did not enliven the scene. We regained our road with difficulty; and soon reached the handsome town of Wakefield, rich in its flourishing manufactures, and displaying the opulence they have introduced in the width of its principal street, and the many considerable houses with which it is embellished. The establishment of the clothing trade in this part of the country, has made the whole way from Wakefield to Leeds appear like a town, except where a small portion of heath diversifies the scene. But Leeds, though of much greater extent, seems to want the neatness and regularity which prevail at Wakefield. We had an opportunity of visiting its cloth hall during the market, which fills three sides of a spacious quadrangle, forming two long galleries, which communicate in several places with each other, and join at the end so as to encompass the whole building. Here an innumerable quantity of cloths are ranged on each side, on a row of tables, by which the manufacturers stand, with little rods or brushes in their hands, ready to deal with the chapmen, who are diligent in examining the goods, and transact every thing in a whisper. The novelty

of the scene both surprised and interested us; and the size of the building, though much inferior to that of Halifax, which we afterwards visited, far exceeded our expectation.

From Leeds I made an excursion of about six miles, to view the singular establishment of the Moravian college, at the village of Pudsey, charmingly situated on the slope of a fine hill towards the south, and adorned with a range of buildings which equal many of the colleges in our universities. With their religious tenets I did not concern myself; but I was pleased to see a large Christian establishment well conducted, preserving the utmost order and decorum within its walls, and promoting industry in the midst of a populous country with great success. In my return I passed the magnificent remains of Kirkstall abbey, charmingly situated on the banks of the river Aire, about three miles from Leeds; and exhibiting a rich specimen of the Gothic order of architecture.

Taking the north road from Leeds, we soon reached the magnificent seat of Lord Harewood, close to the village from which his title was derived. This house is a truly noble edifice, built of a brown stone produced in the neighbourhood; and the interior range of apartments are finely disposed, and enriched with every ornament that art or expence can produce. Its situation also is happily chosen; and when the plantations are sufficiently grown, the grand outline of the park, and its piece of water, will have their due effect.

Immediately on leaving Harewood, we descended into Wharfe-Dale, a fine view of which the upper walks of its gardens com-

mand, and which altogether forms the strongest feature of the place. This is one of the great valleys peculiar to the north of Yorkshire, where a rapid river, descending from a great ridge of moors, divides the country, and a chain of towns and villages, with a cultivated district, following its banks, beautifully distinguish it from the wildness of the adjacent scenery. In the midst of this vale rises the extraordinary hill of Ormus Cliff, almost swelling to the dignity of a mountain, and commanding a prospect hardly capable of description, from the summit of the bold rock which crowns this insulated eminence.

Passing the Wharfe by a handsome bridge, we soon found the country decline in beauty; and though of late much improved in cultivation, it presented little better than a dreary moor as we approached the great public resort of Harrogate. Here, however, the adjacent country, as at Buxton, produces a variety of objects; and the ornamented scenes of Harewood, Plumpton, Studley, Hackfall, and Newby, form perpetual sources of amusement to the strangers who visit Harrogate. Still nearer are the romantic beauties which encircle Knaresborough, a town proudly situated beneath the swelling groves of Scriven park; and with the bold ruin of its castle overhanging a deep hollow, intermixed with wood and rock, through which the river Nid tears its course, and receives in its passage a tributary stream from the Dropping Well, famous in ancient legend.

Three large houses of public resort now flourish on the heath of Harrogate, and in the high season contain an astonishing concourse of company within their walls. At the Dragon in

particular, where I have repeatedly made a long sojourn, in pursuit of health from the water, every species of accommodation is provided with the utmost care, and accompanied with the most unvaried attention. These houses, together with a few shops, a chapel, and the mansion of its very respectable minister, form almost all the buildings on the heath; but at the distance of about a mile, at Lower Harrogate, near the sulphureous well, there are various other houses of public resort.

In a few miles after we had left Harrogate we reached an inclosed country, and passing a handsome seat of Sir John Ingleby at Ripley, we visited Mr. Weddel's admirable collection of statues at Newby, in our way to Rippon. This neat borough town covers an eminence above the river Ure, forming a spacious and well built square in its centre; from the middle of which a fine obelisk of stone rises to a great height, with a gilt buglehorn on its summit. Here we found an excellent inn, and passed several days very agreeably in visiting the many places worthy of observation in the adjacent country.

Of these the neighbouring seat and gardens of Studley claim a manifest pre-eminence, being scarcely equalled in grandeur or extent by any place in the kingdom. The approach is nobly formed; and entering the park under a lofty arch, we proceeded through a spacious avenue terminated by an obelisk, to a terrace on which the house is situated, commanding a most extensive prospect over the great vale of Yorkshire, terminated at a vast distance towards the east by the Hambledon moors, with the town, pillar, and great collegiate church of Rippon in full view

below. The house, though by no means equal to the splendour of the place, is ample and convenient; but the gardens have long been justly celebrated, and though some parts of them are not exactly in the modern taste, the profusion of ornament and beauty which distinguishes them cannot be too much admired.

In some places, formal slopes and regular pieces of water exhibit the species of gardening which decorates most of the palaces on the Continent; but their uniformity only causes a pleasing variety in the midst of the wild scenery of the park, and the wonderful display of evergreens which flourish abundantly in this favoured spot. The most magnificent buildings are happily dispersed over the whole territory, and every effort of art to delight and astonish is exhausted with the best effect. After a succession of these objects, ascending a high hill, and penetrating through a thick wood, we reached a rustic building, the folding doors of which being thrown open, displayed a scene far surpassing in grandeur all that the most favoured painter could design. Immediately below us lay the whole extent of the great lake, unconfined by formal boundaries, but encompassed by groves of towering shrubs, and hills fringed with every species of wood, which insensibly grew rougher and less adorned as the valley before us became narrower, till the whole was closed by the stupendous ruin of Fountains abbey, proudly occupying a gentle eminence, from whence the rivulet rolls in a succession of falls till it loses itself in the lake.

This noble abbey is more perfect in its preservation, and happier in its situation, than any ruin I have seen in the king-

dom. The remains of the library, and the east window of the church, which is in high preservation, front this part of the garden; and these are mostly Gothic, together with the tower, which is entire, with all its ornaments for four stories. It rises to a great height, rather narrowing towards the pinnacles on the top, with niches for statues finely carved between each story; and the grandeur of its appearance is rather aided than diminished by the upper parts of the building being somewhat broken. We entered at a door close to the east window, and from thence had an uninterrupted view through the whole body of the church, 600 feet in length, to the western door and window at the extremity of the great aile, which being finely preserved, together with the two rows of Saxon pillars which descend from the choir, give an astonishing air of grandeur to the whole. To the left of the church is a large court surrounded with monastic buildings; among which we admired the architecture of the chapter-house, the refectory, and the kitchen, together with a spacious cloister 160 feet in length, supported by four rows of arches on light pillars, and unlike any other building of the kind in the kingdom. A wild tract of ground overhung with wood and rock closes the scene judiciously behind the abbey; and some scattered fragments of the abbot's house are visible at a small distance. Through this opening the path wound pleasantly till it reached the water; and all the scenery grew gradually less rude and unequal as we returned to the more polished parts of the garden, in which we found a splendid banqueting house on an eminence, well decorated with

shrubberies and parterres of flowers, and commanding most of the buildings in the grounds. Here we eat our cold collation with great pleasure; after which we returned in the evening to Rippon.

A second excursion from thence brought us to Hackfall, which though an appendage to Studley, at the distance of about seven miles, contrasts its grandeur and regularity with a profusion of romantic beauty, and does equal credit to the taste which formed both these places. A neat cottage supplies a residence for the gardener; and a simple wicket introduces a stranger to the grounds, through which a winding path conducts him down a steep descent covered with wood, by the side of a rivulet tumbling in successive falls to a rustic building impending over the river Ure, which dashes with immense rapidity over a rocky bed beneath a hill finely fringed with wood. The same path afterwards winds along a terrace above the river, crossing several little lawns, some of which are ornamented with suitable buildings, commanding the principal objects of the garden; among which a cascade of a very considerable height is most conspicuous. An arduous ascent follows, which, however, is frequently relieved by seats judiciously placed, so as to command various points of view through vistas to advantage, till the whole bursts upon the sight with great majesty from an eminence called Mowbray Point. All the objects of the garden are here visible almost perpendicularly below; while opposite, a magnificent column of wood spreads its base into a vast amphitheatre, round which the foaming river Ure tears its way with

an impetuous torrent, fronted by a high cliff crowned with the fictitious ruins of a castle. Beyond this bold and striking foreground, a distant scene opens over a broad level, extending to the Hambledon hills and Rosemary Topping in Cleveland, and finely distinguished by towns, villages, and the frequent windings of the river. The building which commands this view represents the rough walls of a ruined temple, but contains a handsome room within, where strangers are permitted to dine, if they prefer this spot to the cottage, from which it is not far distant.

Turning to the east from Rippon, we crossed the vale, and soon reached Thirsk, a decent town, with a spacious market-place, near the extremity of the great plain of Yorkshire, towards the Hambledon hills. The ascent of this high barrier was uncommonly precipitous, and the view from the summit hardly repaid us for the labour we underwent. Before us a dreary and uninteresting heath extended far in sight, crossed by more distant hills, bearing as wild an aspect, and enlivened by no one pleasing object till we reached the fine territory of Duncombe park, close to the wretched town of Helmsley. This noble seat of the Duncombe family, is a heavy but magnificent building, in Sir John Vanbrugh's best style, and contains a valuable collection of pictures, tapestry, and statues; among which latter we could not but notice the dog of Alcibiades, said to be the work of the celebrated Myron of Athens. This mansion overlooks one of the great terraces peculiar to Duncombe park, being near half a mile in length, with an Ionic

rotunda at one end, and a circular temple, on Doric pillars, at the other: it commands a great extent of prospect over a romantic vale, to the distant Wolds of Yorkshire, where they close in with the sea coast; and abounds in a profusion of fine wild scenery. At the distance of about two miles, the second terrace extends itself in a bold curve of near a mile, from a circular Tuscan temple to a noble banqueting-house, fronted by a portico on Ionic pillars. The perpetual variation of the view, as we passed from one of these buildings to the other, can hardly be described; suffice it therefore to say, that a high range of hills, projecting in the boldest forms, and covered with the richest wood, encircle a beautiful valley, where a picturesque river winds round the three entire ailes of Rivaulx abbey, a ruin inferior only to that of Fountains in magnificence, and boasting some peculiar traits of beauty.

We took the Malton road from Duncombe park, and soon reached the seat of Lord Carlisle at Castle Howard. The grand approach to this place is from the York road, and leads through an ornamented territory to a large building, with a high pyramid in its centre, which being a lodge to the park, is likewise an inn for the accommodation of those whom curiosity brings to visit Castle Howard. The outline of this place is very considerable, but its execution has been so varied and retarded, that the whole appears a shapeless mass. The great front of the house, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, is 320 feet in length; but, like most of that architect's works, it is heavy, and crowded with ornament; neither does it contain a single good room except the

hall. The opposite extreme is pursued in a new wing, erected from a design of Sir Thomas Robinson; in which immense apartments, and the lightness of the Grecian architecture, assort but ill with the clumsy weight of the mansion. These however are yet unfurnished; but the house contains a mine of treasure in paintings, statues, and marbles, which can hardly be paralleled. The gardens are rather in the formal taste, but the park is extensive, on an eminence in the centre of which is built a grand mausoleum, containing a chapel, with a perfect labyrinth of catacombs below, for the interment of the family.

Soon after we left Castle Howard, we reached the handsome borough town of Malton; and passing a seat of Sir William St. Quintin, on a dead flat, we mounted the Wolds of Yorkshire; and then traversing several wild hills, descended to Scarborough. The first view of the sea, and Scarborough castle covering the summit of a bold rock, is striking, where the town encircles a fine semicircular bay of considerable extent. It contains however few good streets, except the High-street, and that in which the public rooms are situated; but the new buildings on the Cliff occupy the pleasantest situation. At the distance of about half a mile across the sands is the mineral spa, which, together with the advantageous position of Scarborough for sea-bathing, has annually attracted a great influx of company. The church, though a sea mark, has little to recommend it; but the castle is a noble object, notwithstanding its ruinous condition, and within it forms a barrack for soldiers.

We ascended the Wolds again on leaving Scarborough; and

passing through the neat village of Hunmanby, adorned with a handsome seat of Mr. Osbaldiston, arrived at Bridlington, and soon afterwards at its quay, which being originally only constructed for naval purposes, has acquired both extent and splendour from its annual importation of company. Those who dislike the public display of Scarborough, resort to this place, where they are well accommodated, and have the advantage of a much more pleasant country, with as good a sea beach.

We mounted the Wolds again, in the way from hence to Driffield, an irregular town, situated nearly in the centre of this ridge of wild country, which presents a species of downs greatly inferior to those in the southern and western parts of England.

Soon afterwards we descended into a fertile plain, in the midst of which we found the large and handsome town of Beverley, admirably built and paved, and adorned with a cathedral, inferior to few in the kingdom for the peculiar lightness and elegance of its Gothic architecture. The road from hence to Hull extends across an uninteresting level, which makes a part of the Fens of Yorkshire; and the churches of the two respective towns form almost the only visible objects in the ride between them. That of Hull, though inferior to Beverley, is a noble structure; but the town itself, though the central opening of its market-place is spacious, cannot boast the neatness or regularity of its neighbour. It derives, however, no inconsiderable advantage from its fine situation on the river Humber, and the abundant trade it has produced; every consequence of opulence having followed in the splendour of its merchants' houses, and the good

arrangement of its new quay, which for beauty and regularity, will vie with most in Europe.

Returning to Beverley, we once more crossed a corner of the Wolds, and descended to the neat town of Market-Weighton, where we entered the immense flat in which the city of York is situated, advancing towards that capital, without any object in view, except its lofty cathedral in front, and the fine old building of Howden church, in the Fens, on our left.

Thus can York boast little in its situation; neither is its interior distribution more pleasing, a great outline being divided and subdivided into a number of narrow and crooked streets, intersected by the muddy and uninteresting river Ouse. This river being navigable for large vessels, York is situated well for trade; but it seems never to have pursued its advantages with spirit; a singular air of languor and inaction pervades the whole city. It has also, in past times, been the metropolis of the north of England, forming the winter residence of several families of distinction, till the superior grandeur and accommodations of Edinburgh gained a just preference; since which York appears to languish in a state of desertion and neglect. Many remnants of antiquity yet exist in this city, and the precinct of its walls is almost entire, with several respectable old gateways. Its castle also forms the most spacious and best contrived county gaol I have seen, containing within its walls two beautiful modern buildings, which form the new county hall, and a range of opposite apartments for the females who are in confinement. The assembly-room of York also ought not to be

left unmentioned, being a spacious Egyptian hall, designed by the late Lord Burlington, and decorated with a profusion of ornament, in projecting pillars, and other incumbrances; yet with all its advantages, it must be called a heavy and gloomy building, better calculated for a church than a place of public entertainment. One object, however, in York, remains yet undescribed; and bold indeed must be the pen which attempts to do justice to the beauties of the finest cathedral in England, which rises far above the level of all other churches. The whole building, when viewed from a distance, across the great level which surrounds it, appears like a large ship at sea; and it loses nothing in dignity as you approach it. The west front, with a noble tower on each side of the entrance, is surprisingly grand, both in the richness of its ornaments, and the uncommon state of their preservation, hardly an arch being broken, or a statue defaced. The burst of view, on the entrance from the western gate, is wonderfully great, extending through the whole of the church, finely paved, richly decorated with painted glass, and unincumbered with monuments. The screen of the choir is highly ornamented; and the Gothic arched stalls, ending on one side in the archbishop's throne, and on the other in the pulpit, together with the light elegance of the pillars and arches over the altar-piece, almost exceed all description. The blaze of the east window also should not pass unnoticed; and the chapter-house is highly worthy of admiration, being an octagon, sixty-three feet in diameter, without a single pillar to support

it, surrounded with marble stalls, and basso-relievos, finely executed in alabaster.

Having exhausted all that was interesting in York, we passed over its fine race course, leaving the palace of Bishopthorpe on our left; and visiting the grand but formal display of Bramham park, descended into a rich vale, crossed by the river Aire at Ferrybridge, where we found an incomparable inn, delightfully situated on the north side of the river. From hence we deviated a little, to visit the ancient town of Pomfret; and then pursuing the great road, with an extensive view over the Fens of Yorkshire on the left, crossed a deep valley, and ascending a considerable hill, gained a prospect of the rich and beautiful vale in which Doncaster is situated. We approached this handsome town by an avenue of trees, fronting the Gothic tower of its church; and crossing the Don by a noble bridge, entered one of the finest streets in England, well formed, admirably paved, and adorned with many noble structures. Here we left the great road, following the fine vale of the Don, and passing by the picturesque ruin of Connisburgh castle, in our return to the hospitable mansion of Thrybergh park.

After a long and very pleasant stay with our friends at that place, we turned towards the south, and soon reached the ornamented tract of Roche abbey, belonging to the Earl of Scarborough. The entrance to this ruin is finely contrived, through a Gothic gateway, so turned as to let in the light only by degrees, and progressively open the view of a beautiful lawn,

divided by a broad sheet of water; the rough fragments of rock, wood, and broken pillars, that surround the abbey, and the ivy mantled arches of the ruin. The vast amphitheatre of wood in front of the abbey forms a noble outline to the scene, and the whole round of the pleasure ground is executed in Brown's best style. At a small distance is Lord Scarborough's seat of Sandbeck, consisting of a large modern house, surrounded by an extensive park, and an ornamented pleasure ground; but the finest feature of the place is the grand terrace by which it is approached from the south, winding through clumps of evergreens, and parterres of flowers, well disposed, and commanding frequent views of the surrounding country in a drive of above two miles.

At length we quitted this highly adorned territory by a light Grecian gateway built of Portland stone, which in the elegance and beauty of its design surpasses most in the kingdom, and soon after reached the town of Worksop in Nottinghamshire, close to the Duke of Norfolk's noble seat of Worksop Manor. The original design of this house was intended to form a quadrangle of four fronts, similar to the one now executed, which is 240 feet in length, and terminated at each end by a light turret on Ionic columns, rising one story above the attic:— within it contains two great ranges of apartments, with a grand staircase, superbly ornamented with compartments of basso-relievo; and its collection of Vandyke paintings is very valuable. Its situation, on a low and sandy flat, is far from pleasant, but the upper parts of its spacious park are more strongly marked; through which we approached Welbeck abbey, the seat of the

Duke of Portland. This house also can boast little of its situation, and the structure itself is not pleasing, though it contains several good rooms; a magnificent old riding-house, which was the hall of the ancient abbey, is the only object worthy of much observation here, except an excellent kitchen garden.

Crossing a part of Sherwood forest, we entered the Duke of Newcastle's extensive plantations, surrounding Clumber park, which we found better kept, and more highly ornamented than any of the places in this district of country. Two winding hills gently sloping towards each other, and well planted, form a pleasing valley, intersected by a large and well disposed piece of water, crossed by a fine bridge of Portland stone. The house is judiciously situated on one of these slopes, and covers a great tract of ground, containing an immense number of fine apartments, richly furnished, and adorned with some valuable paintings.

We crossed the bridge on leaving this place, and ascending the opposite hill, entered the adjoining park of Thoresby through a grand avenue. This place is very extensive, and its ground is more varied than the nature of a flat and sandy country generally admits; the house also is a handsome structure, and its accompaniment of wood and water is well disposed.

Almost surfeited with the display of so many fine places, in a small compass of country, we once more advanced into the forest, and through the neat village of Ollerton approached an inclosed country, which varied little in form till we descended into the extensive flat on which the handsome town of Newark

is situated. The Trent here rolls its silver stream through a spacious level, bounded on one side by the hill on which Lincoln cathedral rises proudly to view, and on the other by the Leicestershire Wolds, before which the noble edifice of Belvoir castle projects boldly on an insulated rock, overhung by the hills of its park, finely clothed with wood. The rich spire of Newark presented a handsome object on our left, as we bent our course to the collegiate church of Southwell, which may be called one of the finest remnants of the Saxon architecture in England.

We then crossed another part of Sherwood forest to Mansfield, and made a short excursion to visit the Duke of Portland's splendid ruin of Bolsover castle, overhanging the rich vale in which Chesterfield is situated, and the fine old seat of Hardwick, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. This magnificent mansion stands in the midst of a wild and spacious park, and commands all the undulations of the Derbyshire hills on one side, together with most part of the forest of Sherwood on the other. The architecture is of that bold kind which distinguished many of those buildings in which the ancient orders were re-introduced, and its ornamental parts are grandly disposed. The apartments are very considerable, and, with great judgment, not at all modernized, neither is the furniture of many rooms changed since the date of the building: many relicks of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland are left here, as she resided at this place for some time after her flight to England. Hardwick upon the whole forms a fine contrast to Chatsworth, from which it is about sixteen miles distant, and is often visited by its

noble owners, who are making great improvements in the grounds, and the whole surrounding territory.

Returning through Mansfield, we pursued a good new made road through the dreary forest of Sherwood, leaving a deserted place of Lord Byron on our right, till we reached the large and flourishing county town of Nottingham. This place is abundantly populous, to which its manufactures contribute in a great degree; the buildings in general are of brick, and there are many good houses, but the streets are mostly narrow and steep; these inconveniences might be alleviated, but could hardly be altogether avoided, yet there are circumstances in which Nottingham might be improved without difficulty, its pavement being wretched almost beyond comparison, and the entrances on every side very arduous. One grand opening exists around the market-place, where the houses are built on piazzas, which form a commodious shelter to those on foot, and make rather a singular appearance.

The situation of this town is very remarkable, spreading over a hill, which slopes towards the south; and forming a spacious amphitheatre, which terminates on each side in a high rock, crowned with the Gothic building of the great church on the east, and the castle on the west. The latter presents a proud object to the adjacent country, on the summit of an almost perpendicular cliff, and insulated by a narrow valley from the town. It forms a grand but neglected seat of the Newcastle family; and exhibits four highly ornamented fronts, in the species of architecture which prevailed about the end of the last century.

The apartments are large, but ill kept; and the whole presents the display of a magnificent palace, languishing in a premature state of decay and desertion. The view from the windows, and the terrace which surrounds the castle, is astonishingly fine, commanding the whole town below it, the rich vale intersected by the Trent, the opposite seats of Wollaton and Clifton, and the distant hills of Derbyshire and Leicestershire, marked with a variety of objects. A noble park rises on the north-west; and the whole is finely interspersed with that species of sandy rock on which all the town of Nottingham is built. This rock, being easily perforated, produces many caverns, some of which are natural, and others the works of art: the cellars at the White Lion inn are of the latter description; and descend in a succession of galleries, curiously arranged, to the level of the river.

Winding through a variety of steep and inconvenient streets, we reached a long and ill formed causeway, which brought us to the banks of the Trent, and crossed that river by an awkward old bridge. Very little now remained to occupy our attention, as we soon descended into the rich plains of Leicestershire; and found nothing material afterwards, in our way to London, to engage our observation.

FIRST TOUR

IN THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND,

AND PART OF

SCOTLAND.

Jos: Banks

FIRST TOUR

OF THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND, &c.

CHAP. I.

Vale of the Trent from Litchfield to Wolsley Bridge, Stafford, Stone, and Trentham Park—Newcastle under Line, and Mr. Wedgwood's Etruria—Congleton—Knotsford—Warrington—Prescot—Knowsley Park—wretched State of the Lancashire Roads — Liverpool — Ormskirk — fine Views of Ribblesdale—Preston — Garstang — Lancaster — grand Display from the Churchyard and adjacent Field—Gray's favourite View on the Hornby Road—Burton—striking Approach to Kendale—Leven's Park—Falls of the Kent—beautiful Descent from Orest Head to Windermere Lake, and Low Wood House on its Banks.

FROM the neighbourhood of Bath we commenced this Tour, and were soon conveyed through Glocester and Worcester to Litchfield, where we began to enter an unknown country.

The surrounding scenery now grew remarkably pleasant, as the charming vale of Trent opened before us, till passing through the small town of Rugeley, we descended to the banks of the river, and found a pleasant inn close to Wolsley bridge.

Nature has marked this spot as a favourite in her placid style of scenery, where the Trent, not the proud object it dis-

plays in the environs of Nottingham, but a clear and tranquil little stream, divides a set of enamelled meadows, here and there interspersed with villages and gentlemen's seats. The hills at a moderate distance are well wooded, and the bold summits of Sir William Wolsley's park hang immediately over the spot, each majestic swell of which bears a forest-like appearance, wild with heath, and crowned with oaks. We pursued the river, by a pleasant residence of the late Mrs. Anson, to Shuckborough, a place which the descendant of Lord Anson has decorated with a profusion of ornament. The situation of the house and gardens is low, and rather flat, but the plantations cover most of the neighbouring hills, on one of which a high triumphal arch is erected. From hence we soon reached Stafford, a dull idle place, tolerably built and well paved; and returned to the banks of the Trent near a handsome place of Lord Harrowby, just before we came to Stone. Nothing here seeming worthy of our attention but the church, a good modern edifice, we pursued our route to Trentham, the noble seat of the Marquis of Stafford. The beauties of art and nature are here most happily blended, and the result of real taste is apparent in all its late improvements. The house presents an angle of two grand modern fronts over a finely sloping lawn toward the Trent, which is here swelled into the form of a lake, and fills a vale terminated by a vast column of oaks proudly clothing the side and summit of a lofty hill. Through the mazes of this magnificent wood we ascended by a steep and winding road, presenting a variety of beautiful near views, to the top of the park.

Here a most extensive outline presented itself; the park, the house, and the great display of water, lay below us; on the one side we looked up the vale of Trent, through which we had passed, and on the other a profusion of hills and dales opened upon us, ornamented with a variety of towns and villages, and bounded by the summits of the Peak of Derbyshire.

The setting sun enlivened the whole scene, and gilded many distant objects with his declining rays as we descended to the house, and proceeded to the smoky town of Newcastle under Line. This place is situated on the side of a considerable hill, and descends rapidly into the vale. The busy air of a manufacturing town is visible in all its inhabitants, and its streets, though wide and not ill built, are tinged deeply with the smoke of its potteries. They cover all the adjacent country, and extend to the village of Burslem at two miles distance; near which Mr. Wedgwood, who may be called the Prince of Potters, has erected a palace-like house close to his extensive works, and given the name of Etruria to the whole.

A very wet day prevented our enjoying the ride from Newcastle to Congleton, a small irregular town in a romantic valley; but the tops of the Derbyshire hills were sometimes visible through the mist, and we saw just enough of those magnificent boundaries, and the rich country they encircle, to lament that more was not to be discovered. Thick inclosures and swelling hills, adorned with several fine seats, continued, together with the bad weather, to accompany us to Knotsford, a considerable town in Cheshire, where we closed the day at an excellent inn.

The beauty of the country gradually declined as we left Tatton, the great seat of Mr. Egerton, with a large new built house of Mr. Leigh, at High Leigh; and we approached the great river Mersey over an uninteresting flat, which we crossed to enter the dirty and very wretched town of Warrington.

The road, hitherto so fine, now degenerated into a rugged uneven pavement, and the Mersey was so sunk within its banks, that it could not be distinguished in the dull and tiresome flat through which it runs. As we came near Prescot, the hills of Cheshire presented themselves on the left, and the lofty mountains of North Wales appeared in front at a distance; but the intermediate space remained unmarked by objects.

From Prescot we deviated a little, to visit Lord Derby's seat at Knowsley, which I own greatly disappointed my expectations. The park is of sufficient extent, and not without hill, wood, and water, but none of these natural ornaments seem to be happily placed. The hill only exhibits the general deformity of the country, in a greater latitude; and the wood and water, though well enough in their way, are not visible from the house. The mansion itself is a huge irregular building, comprising most of the absurdities both of ancient and modern architecture, and it contains very few good apartments, though there is a perfect labyrinth of common rooms.

I cannot find terms adequate to the idea I would convey, of the wretched road between this place and Liverpool. We had the misfortune to miss our way on leaving Knowsley park, and

that which we fell into was so bad, that it was with difficulty we got our carriage without much danger into the great road. The great road itself is unworthy of the name of a turnpike, and a scandal to the town it approaches, being a continued series of unequal stones piled on one another, so as to form the roughest pavement in the universe. The infinity of carts and waggons that crowd it, forms another inconvenience, as they are commonly driven by boys, and sometimes are without any conductor, so that a prudent traveller must be perpetually turning out of the way, into a miry summer track to avoid them. After this disagreeable ride, we were not sorry to enter Liverpool, and take shelter in an admirable hotel, which is not the least among the late additions to the place. The whole town seems in a great state of improvement, and so active a spirit prevails, that it promises in a few years to become one of the first sea-ports in the kingdom. It is difficult at present to trace out all the intended alterations, but the most striking seems to be a noble street, which is forming in the front of the exchange, a spacious and ornamented building. Many of the other principal streets and squares are widened, and in part rebuilt; and the whole town, which is very extensive, is well paved. It stands on a flat shore, near the mouth of the river Mersey, and its numerous steeples spread along the coast, and appearing over the shipping, present a very fine object when viewed from the sea. This place, from having so good a harbour, and being immediately opposite to the Irish coast, enjoys all the advantages of trade in great perfection, and much attention has been

bestowed in rendering the warehouses and docks as commodious as possible. The latter are all open to the sea, so as to admit the ships with the utmost facility; they are cased with the finest stone, and each is approached by a separate drawbridge. The same sort of rough road conveyed us through a wretched country to Ormskirk, a tolerable town, on an eminence; but both the way and the marsh became worse as we advanced towards Preston. Within two miles of that place the scene changed suddenly, and we descended through a thick grove to the grand and romantic valley of Ribblesdale. The great river Ribble rolled its imperious tide in many vast windings through this curving vale, and directly in front a stately but plain bridge crossed it, presenting a bold and magnificent object. The hills encircling the river were finely fringed with wood, and many of their summits were decorated with gentlemen's seats, among which one of Mr. Hesketh was most conspicuous. On one of these hills the large and handsome town of Preston is situated, to which we ascended from the opposite bank of the Ribble. It contains several good streets, with a large market-place; and when we were there, was enlivened by the company attending the races. Before I left this place, I walked half a mile into a gentleman's grounds at Frenchwood, to take a view of another part of Ribblesdale, which is generally preferred to that already described. I own I admire the other most, but this is certainly a charming landscape; an extensive vale spreads here before a handsome new bridge, and a church on the top of a steep rock, breaks the distance most agreeably. The

river however is not so wide as at the lower bridge, nor does it wind so pleasantly, and the intermediate objects are less striking. We proceeded through an indifferent flat country to Garstang, near which we saw the small remains of Greenough casle under an eminence on the right. The ground now began to grow somewhat unequal, and in consequence thereof we gained occasional views of the sea on the left, while the hills closed in upon us on the right. At length we mounted one of them, and had a delightful descent to Lancaster, with a full view of its noble church and castle, on a high hill above the sea. I was not long before I visited the celebrated scene of Lancaster churchyard, which amply deserves the reputation it has acquired. The ascent is under the walls of the castle, and the path leads you round the church; a neat Gothic fabric, with a high tower, the upper part of which is modern. As soon as you have passed the body of the church, the sea opens to the left, and you trace the river Lune through several meanders to its mouth; further on the left, the flat country through which we had passed is extended; and on the right, Peel castle appears just raised above the level of the water, from which the hills of Furness gradually ascend. The whole view changes on passing round the church, and entering the contiguous field. All the hills of Furness appear in front, beyond which the lofty mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland, in two distinct and craggy tracts, seem to contend with the very skies for pre-eminence. Turning to the right, you see a very elegant bridge of five elliptic arches crossing the Lune, which passes with a bold

sweep under the hill on which you stand; and further to the right, the whole town descends into the vale in a great curve from the castle, while several high barren hills rise grandly in front. I passed from hence, over an old bridge of four arches, to the new bridge, which now presents a grand access to the town from the north.

Nothing can be more striking than the river and the noble warehouses on the quay, when viewed from this approach; and as you come nearer to the town, the lofty turrets of the castle overhang it with a royal grandeur, almost rivalling those of Windsor. The town is extensive, and as handsome as the inequality of its situation will admit of; the streets are many of them steep, and not very wide; the modern houses, which are built of a fine brown stone, with roofs of blue slate, are elegant. The castle is a noble fabric, on the highest point of the hill, and contains the county-hall and prison, the latter of which is admirably contrived. From the highest tower I had a view nearly similar to that from the churchyard; and I was much struck with the grandeur of the great gate, with two lofty turrets rising from it, which was erected by John of Gaunt, whose statue stood in a nich yet remaining over it.

We staid two days at this place, and the second was favourable for our seeing the view from the third mile-stone on the Hornby road, which has been so deservedly commended by Mr. Gray. The whole ride is charming, on an elevation above the banks of the river, with high hills rising on each side. Soon after we had passed the mile-stone, the great scene of

Lonsdale opened, and we pursued the Lune winding in a variety of folds, under a steep cliff entirely covered with wood, and encircled by the richest meadows. A pine-clad hill rose on the right, and descended to a village, whose whitened houses terminated the fore ground. Beyond it the vale became more extensive, and the river was yet to be traced at a distance under Hornby church and castle, while the outline grew more wild and mountainous, till the whole scene was closed by the lofty barrier of Ingleborough mountain, projecting his rocky head and furrowed sides with unequalled magnificence. All that could please and delight the eye was contained in this beautiful landscape; and enough of the sublime was added to give it importance without inspiring terror. On our return to Lancaster, we could not but be struck with the noble appearance of the castle and church, which impended over the town and river with infinite majesty, while the elegant structure of the new bridge divided the stream below in the happiest position. The following day was less propitious, but we had sun shine enough between the storms to enjoy the frequent views of the sands extending into the great bay of Morecambe, which every ascent in the first part of our ride presented. The country soon grew more mountainous as we receded from the coast, and the lofty eminence of Warton cragg on the left, was finely opposed by the bold and rugged cliff of Farlton Knot on the right. After we left the little town of Burton, we passed immediately under the almost perpendicular height of the latter mountain, from whence a lovely succession of hills and vallies, ornamented with

the most picturesque inclosures, and covered with thick woods, conducted us imperceptibly to the top of a hill, which commanded the large town of Kendale, spread over the summit of a knowl, gently rising in the midst of the vale from which it takes its name, and almost surrounded by the river Kent. A great variety of wild and unequal hills closed in upon it at a small distance on every side; and far behind, the indented summits of the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains extended in a long irregular chain high above them all. Kendale consists principally of one street near a mile long, ascending on each side to the market-place, which breaks in upon the centre inconveniently. The river flows all along beneath, and is crossed by two old bridges, one of which bears the name of Stramon gate; and near it a round hill rises on the right, crowned with the ruins of Kendale castle. Little more than a circular row of unequal fragments remains; but the situation is bold, and must have commanded the town completely. This place is famous for a branch of the woollen manufacture; though I could not find that the green colour which Falstaff so happily descried in the dark, is still predominant. The town is abundantly populous, and it happening to be market day when we were there, the concourse of the country people from the hills was prodigious, and gave it the appearance of a fair. Most of them drove a small light cart, which came filled with turf or peat, to be disposed of, and returned loaded with the produce of the market. We made an excursion from hence to see the falls of the Kent, and passed by the old hall of Sizergh on the Mil-

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thorpe turnpike, to Leven's bridge, close to a very ancient seat of Lord Suffolk, which formerly belonged to the Bellingham family. Being provided with a key at Kendale, we passed through the park, a beautiful tract of ground, full of charming inequalities, and decorated with a profusion of the finest trees scattered about in large clumps. Among these, the beech, and a grand avenue of oaks, were most eminent; several large hawthorns distinguished every swell, and thick groves of birch hung over the steep margin of the river, which rolled in a mountain torrent, and wound delightfully through the middle of the grounds. As soon as we left this enchanting scene, the road led us through a romantic glen, almost on the edge of a precipice above the river, till we came to a point, where a bold and rough arch connects the impending rocks on each side, through which the stream rushes in a dark and gloomy current, and soon falls in a foaming cataract over several high ledges of the rock, after which it is embosomed in the wood of Leven's park. A forge lately erected somewhat lower on the opposite bank, has a little diminished the beauty of this scene, by baying up the water, and making the torrent less full than nature had left it; but still there is enough to please the eye, and delight the mind sufficiently.

As we proceeded on the bank of the river, we passed a pretty new-built mansion, which looked down upon one of the finest reaches of the stream, just where it is ruffled by a shallow. The Gothic fabric of Sizergh hall rises out of the opposite wood, and

lofty hills encompass it at no great distance; while a neighbouring mill adds to the concurrence of rural beauties, with its wheel perpetually turning in view.

A narrow lane conducted us back to Kendale, through the villages of Sedgewick and Natland; and the view of Kendale castle and town, backed by a rough ridge of mountains, opened finely as we dscended to Watercrook.

From Kendale we pursued an excellent road towards Ambleside, and passing a considerable hill, descended through a fine wild country again to the river Kent, now become a mere rivulet, and the romantic village of Stavely on its banks. We soon gained the summit of another hill; and while we took a parting view of the wild and rocky vale we left behind us, from Orest head, one of the great boundaries of Kendale, a new scene opened suddenly in front, almost surpassing all that the most fertile imagination could picture. A broad sheet of water, like a great arm of the sea, filled the whole of an extensive valley, and reflected a variety of tints from its glassy surface, as the surrounding objects changed in the long course of our descent. This was the great lake of Windermere. A rude unequal chain of hills rose immediately from its borders, and increased in magnitude as it receded from the south, till a huge mass of rocky summits, piled on each other in the most fantastic forms, surrounded its northern curve, and the still mightier mountains of Cumberland erected their majestic heads above all. We dwelt with rapture on this scene, in a descent of six miles to the

lake, which varied its form perpetually as we seemed to approach each separate part of it, while several wooded hills rose to sight beneath us on its banks, and the many beautiful islands it abounds with, became distinguished objects. At length we reached the margin of the lake itself, and took up our quarters at a very pleasant inn at Low-wood, on its banks.

CHAP. II.

Lake of Windermere—Bowness—Great Island—fine View from the Lancashire Shore—Newby Bridge—Ulverston—Furness Abbey—Dalton—Connished Priory—Connistonmere—Hawkshead—Esthmere—Low-wood House on Windermere—Ambleside—Rydal Hall and Cascades—Rydal Water—Grassmere—Dunmail Raise—Leathes Water—Helvellyn—Vale of Legerthwayte—grand display from Castle Rigg, of Skiddaw, Bassenthwayte Lake, and the Lake of Derwentwater—Pleasing View from the Vicarage House of Keswick.

THE following morning was fine, but before we set out the day become overcast; yet the showers, though violent, gave us at intervals a tolerable opportunity of enjoying the incomparable scenes we met with in the descent of Windermere.

It would be impracticable to describe minutely the infinite variety of beauties, which presented themselves as we traversed the eastern shore of this noble sheet of water, for twelve miles, to Newby bridge. Every turn of the road opened a new assemblage of objects, decorating the sides and surface of the lake, the transparency of whose waters reflected the impending woods and mountains, and varied its appearance with every occasional gleam of sunshine. Our course lay directly southward; and every eminence, as we turned back, displayed the vast tract of

mountains that encircle the northern end of the lake in the highest perfection. We descended through a beautiful wood to the village of Bowness, and crossed the lake in a boat, taking a slant direction of about three miles, in the course of which we passed by the great island, where Mr. Christian has built a handsome house, which commands each extremity of the lake. We landed on the Furness shore, under a lofty rock, which I ascended, and was astonished with the scene it displayed. The towering height of Rydal head, among a number of inferior mountains, blocked up the northern bay, which appeared fringed with abundance of wood, feathering down to its banks in the boldest projections, and studded with a great variety of islands of different shapes and sizes. The opposite shore advanced far into the water, and shewed the church and village of Bowness, with several whitened houses, in the most pleasing positions, beneath a rugged chain of cliffs; and the promontory on which I stood advancing to meet it, contracted, and seemed to divide the lake. Turning to the south, a far different view met my eyes: the shores receded on each side, and formed a prodigious bason, beyond which they advanced again in less bold projections; and a farther expanse appeared, till a waving and wooded range of hills bounded the landscape. Every thing here bore a milder aspect; and the unruffled sheet of water seemed a noble river, passing its transparent stream through mountains mellowing down into moderate hills, while several bold projections of rock started forth from the wood cloathing their sides.

I have enlarged upon this glorious scene, as it is one of the

most justly admired stations on the lake. Opposite to it is another, which Mr. Young's description tempted me to seek; but I was prevented visiting it by the weather, which drove me from the spot I have described by a thunder storm. Having regained the Westmorland coast, we proceeded by a steep uneven track, through a rocky sort of wild forest above the lake, which presented innumerable fine views, as it narrowed gradually into a river, till it entirely lost the appearance of a lake, as we turned to Newby bridge, where we crossed its outlet, and re-entered Lancashire. A neat little inn accommodated us with a homely, but welcome dinner; and we crossed over some wooded hills and fine vales as we descended into a salt marsh, which led us to Ulverston, in the evening. This is a tolerable town, the capital of that tract of Lancashire called Furness, which covers the opposite extremity to Lancaster, in the great bay of Morecambe. In a retired vale, one side of which is over-hung with wood in the most romantic form, I approached the venerable ruins of Furness abbey, once the palace of this whole territory, but now hastening to the oblivion in which its former possessors are obscured. Still however the ivied walls and lofty arches denote somewhat of its former splendour, and discover amidst the rich foliage from which they emerge, that others than the husbandmen and peasants, to whom they are now abandoned, have once possessed them.

This abbey was founded by King Stephen before he attained the regal dignity, and flourished till the general dissolution of monasteries in the time of Henry the Eighth. The remains

shew it to have been very extensive, and the arches forming the east window, together with those of the tower, one of which is entire, are extremely lofty: most part of another tower at the west end is also standing, which seems of the heavy Saxon architecture, but the rest is pure Gothic. The four walls of the chapter-house are perfect, and the arches on their sides are constructed in the most ornamented taste; when complete, it must have been a superb and very elegant piece of architecture; at present it forms a considerable addition to one of the finest ruins in the kingdom.

Like most other great peninsulas, Furness exhibits but a bleak and barren country, and its principal views are those of the sea; for its hills, though considerable, are comparatively deficient in grandeur. After passing through Dalton, where the abbot of Furness held his court in an old building yet remaining, I visited one of the iron mines with which this country abounds; it seemed worked with great spirit and success, and the roads in the country are all tinged with the ore. In the evening we visited Connished priory, the elegant seat of Mr. Bradyll, who has fitted up his house and laid out his grounds with much taste. It stands on an elevated spot above the coast under a pyramidical hill of wood, and commands an uninterrupted view over Cartmel, the sands, and the whole coast of Lancashire, in which Lancaster church and castle are distinguished objects at a considerable distance. Conniston mere was our next object; and we continued to traverse a bleak unplea-

sant country from Ulverston, till that beautiful lake became visible at the foot of a vast range of rocky mountains. It is about six miles in length and a mile in breadth, of nearly an oval form, and includes in its circumference all that can be deemed picturesque, in great perfection. After crossing Lowick bridge over the river Crake, which flows from it, we descended through the miserable village of Nibthwayte to its banks, and all traces of cultivation immediately vanished. A rugged forest of underwood clothed each of its shores, through which an unequal and dangerous track led us on a shelf immediately above the chrystal level. A lofty range of mountains, towering into one prodigious summit rose directly in front, and descended abruptly into a chain of mishapen rocks, which extended along the head of the water. All the horrors of an uninhabited world seemed here collected; but the chrystal surface of the lake smiled sweetly in the midst of them, and seemed to contrast the asperity of the country. At length we discovered near its head two beautiful round hills, one of which glowed with the most luxuriant cultivation, while the other was covered with a coat of the thickest wood, gently undulating in several swells till it rose above our sight. Between these hills we descried the village of Conniston, whose church and cottages were charmingly dispersed about the hollow; a white house of a superior kind adorned the margin of the lake, and the ivied walls of Conniston hall peeped forth amidst a grove of tall trees. Above all, the mountains rose in all their native sublimity; a craggy pile

of rocks bounded the view abruptly, and the aspiring summit of the highest rising in a conic form, seemed the crater of some great volcano.

We dwelt long upon this view, which united so happily the beautiful and sublime, and ascending a steep hill on the right, soon lost sight of Conniston lake, and regained the view of Windermere at a considerable distance. A precipitate descent led us to Hawkshead, a village above the little lake of Esthmere, which seemed a naked and uninteresting pool, from whence we traversed a forest of underwood, intermixed with rock, extending to the foot of the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains for several miles, till we descended suddenly to Ambleside, and once more reached the shore of Windermere. We found ourselves here, as it were by magic, transported into a habitable country, which contrasted the desert we had left most agreeably; and an excellent road on the banks of this beautiful lake, brought us back through several charming groves to our pleasant inn at Low-wood. A wet day confined us there altogether to the house, and I regretted not being able to get an hour or two to review some part of the lake towards Bowness.

On the following morning we took our leave of this enchanting scene, and passing through the old irregular town of Ambleside, where the mountains closed round the rapid river Rothsay, we soon reached Rydal hall, the seat of Sir Michael le Fleming. This venerable mansion stands on a proud eminence, overhung by the lofty cove of Rydal, amidst the thick woods which clothe its spreading base. A great variety of rich plan-

tations encompass a swelling lawn descending into the wooded vale of Ambleside, and the whole lake of Windermere appears beautifully foreshortened in front, through a grand vista of rocks and mountains.

This place is celebrated for its cascades, which deservedly attract the attention of the curious: they are formed by a mountain river rushing down one side of the cove into Sir Michael's ground, and were so much increased by the late wet weather that I was tempted to walk through a hard rain to visit them. The first is visible through the window of an old summer-house below the mansion, and exhibits a small but picturesque waterfall, with a rough bridge of one arch most happily crossing the stream above, which rushes precipitately through a thick wood towards it. The other is of a grander nature; and Sir Michael has made an excellent walk up the wooded ascent that approaches it, while the torrent rattles all the way on the left below. There are two stations for the view, from the first of which you see the river tumbling violently over a prodigious ledge of rocks into the valley, and catch a distant and partial view of the higher fall above. The upper station is immediately under the great fall, where it has worn a hollow between two vast cliffs, and rushes in a perpendicular yet finely broken stream of at least forty feet, into a rugged basin of craggy rocks, which dashes back the spray in a thick mist on the astonished spectator, and almost deafens him with the roar it creates.

The road from hence soon began to grow mountainous, and abounded with all the spectacles peculiar to that kind of country,

among which a prodigious variety of torrents, tearing their way in every direction down the hills on each side, were not the least admirable. The first ascent from the small pool of Rydal-water brought us in view of Grassmere, a charming oval lake, with a village and church well placed on its opposite shore, behind which an almost perpendicular pyramid of rock rose to a vast height. All below was mild and tranquil, and even the surrounding mountains participated in the placid beauty of the vale. A long ascent through a verdant hollow, formed by two of the highest hills, brought us to the barrow of stones called Dunmail Raise, supposed to be the monument of the last king of Cumberland.

Here we entered that county; and scarcely had we lost sight of Grassmere, when the larger lake of Thirlmere, or Leatheswater appeared in front at a considerable distance. A naked pile of grey cliffs extended on the left to its banks, while on the right the mighty Helvellyn descended in a tremendous precipice of black rocks, overhanging the road for several miles. We were too near to this prodigious mountain to discern its summit, but its base greatly overtopped the neighbouring hills; and rock piled upon rock as far as the eye could stretch, threatened destruction to the traveller below. Many of these huge fragments had already escaped from the pile, and were strewed in wild disorder over the whole side of the mountain, while some had actually reached the lake, sweeping every thing before them in their course. The lake formed an irregular kind of crescent below, and a projecting rock obstructed our view of it just where it

becomes narrow enough to be crossed by three wooden bridges; beyond which it extends again to a considerable width. An extreme point of Skiddaw closed the scene at a remote distance, and added to the dignity of the whole. We soon turned into the romantic vale of Legerthwayte, whose narrow tract of cultivated ground, sweetly interspersed with cottages, is hemmed in by lofty mountains, and closed in front by the high grassy hill of St. John. The small river which issues from Leatheswater, rolls through this pleasing valley, and we crossed it as we emerged from the inclosing hills into a spacious plain, from which we gradually mounted the eminence of Castle-rigg. A sudden sweep of the road to the left brought us at once in sight of the most enchanting and astonishing landscape that ever struck upon the senses of an admiring traveller.

Skiddaw, the lordly master of this extensive scene, erected high his pointed summits on the right; and sunk with many smooth and broad undulations into a plain enriched with the highest cultivation, and adorned with a great luxuriance of wood. Beneath his further base the broad and tranquil lake of Bassenthwayte extended, and on the left the glorious scenes of Derwentwater burst upon our enraptured sight. Imagine a basin of the most transparent water, three miles in length, and near two miles wide, dotted with two circular islands covered with wood, and a third on which a large house has been lately constructed, surround this beautiful expanse with the most smiling inclosures, and deck the hills rising out of them with the richest wood; behind all erect the wildest range of mountains, with

the boldest rocks the painter's imagination can furnish, and you will still fall short of the beauties which encompass the lake of Derwent.

Full of wonder at this matchless scene, which continued long spread before our eyes, we descended to the neat town of Keswick, which lies between the lake and Skiddaw. Before the evening closed I walked to see Mr. Gray's favourite view from the vicarage house, and I found it amply deserving of the praise he has bestowed on it. On a gentle elevation at the foot of Skiddaw, it raises its simple and whitened front amidst a range of pleasing inclosures. The view from it is both grand and cheerful, for it looks over the town to a full view of the lake and its islands, and fronts directly the grand opening of Borrodale, which the intervening distance, with several pleasing objects strewed between, dismantles of its surrounding horrors.

CHAP. III.

Excursion to visit the Lake of Derwent—Lowdore Cascade—Borrodale—View from Swinside of Bassenthwayte Lake, Derwent-Water, and Foe Park—Buildings on the Shore and Islands—Grand Prospect from the Top of Skiddaw—Penrith—Vale of Emont—Ullswater Lake—Lynulph's Tower—return to Penrith—Carlisle—its Cathedral and Castle.

We took advantage of the first fine day for our excursion to Borrodale, and from the base of Castle hill, a rock entirely covered with wood, we gained a charming prospect of the lake. Every object we had before admired at a distance, became still more beautiful as it grew distinct; the surrounding mountains increased in grandeur, and the lake itself in figure and transparency. The beautifully wooded island of St. Herbert marked its centre, and the well planted oval of Lords island, once the seat of the unhappy Derwentwater family, closed almost in with the shore under Castle hill, which was included in the park.

We soon descended through a fine wood of young oaks to a high terrace above the lake, which lay like a polished mirror below us, and reflected the rocks that began to project over it from the crags of Barrowside. In a steep wood, behind a small house which Mr. Pocklington has built on a beautiful eminence at Ashness, we visited a considerable cascade in two broken

sheets of water, to which he is making a walk in imitation of that at Rydal, but we soon approached a greater object in the famous fall of Lowdore.

The Watenlath river tumbles here in a sloping and disjointed cataract of near two hundred feet, filling a prodigious aperture between two tall cliffs, finely distinguished with wood, and dashing its wild spray in an impetuous torrent over innumerable fragments which had been severed from the rocks above, and strewed to the margin of the lake. This cascade labours under a temporary want of water during the summer months, but the rains that had lately fallen amply supplied that deficiency. We had now reached the head of the lake, and pursued the Derwent gliding through some beautiful inclosures, while the mountains closed in upon us, and the scenery grew gradually wilder. The first ascent from the little village of Grange brought us in sight of the grand pass of Borrodale, the centre of which seemed choked up by a huge rocky pyramid, with which two craggy mountains projecting from each side appeared almost incorporated.—It looked like an entrance to the infernal regions, and the dæmon of desolation might fix his empire here unrivalled amidst the wreck of an universe. A vast black rock ascending to the skies frowned over us in silent horror on the right, and a lofty barrier of impending cliffs lifted high their embattled heads on the left, sharpened into a thousand points, and whitened with perpetual storms. Immense fragments from this mighty rampart had fallen into the vale, and numberless signs of the devastation they had occasioned were still apparent. One

of them, which bears the name of the Bowdar stone, of an enormous size and weight, rather a mountain itself than a rock, lay like a huge ship upon its keel, and seemed every moment threatening to overwhelm the river, and fill the vale below. Beneath us the Derwent rolled his silver stream, and rattled over the rocky beach as he circled round the woods which filled the hollow.

A far different scene opened as soon as we had gained the highest ascent. In front the mighty mountain of Glenamara, with various others, as uncouth and horrible in their figures as their names, formed a grand amphitheatre, beneath which the small but highly cultivated vale of Rothwayte was visible, and a range of the most smiling woods and pastures, divided by the meandering Derwent, shewed us a second Eden in the midst of the surrounding chaos. We passed, through the little village which gives its name to this valley, to the spot where the road divides in front of the chapel at the foot of Glenamara, which is generally the utmost extent of the traveller's progress. The right hand way ascends to some lead mines on the hills, and the left pursues a dangerous and almost impervious track beneath the lofty rock called the Eagle Crag, and over a mountain named the Stake of Borrodale, into Westmorland. We followed it no further, but satisfied with the wonders we had seen, repassed them with pleasure in our return. The prospect on our coming forth from this gloomy region was beyond measure striking. In front of the lake, which glowed like burnished gold, Skiddaw displayed his verdant head and sides, finely illuminated by

the evening sun marking each furrow distinctly, and all before us was light, cheerful, and habitable, as if we had emerged from the regions of eternal night into day. Nothing can be stronger than this contrast, and West, in his Tour of the Lakes, happily resembles Skiddaw to "a gentle generous lord smiling over the "land he governs, while the Fells of Borrodale frown on it like "a hardened tyrant." The opposite shore of this charming lake, though rather inferior to that which I had traversed, is by no means deficient in its peculiar beauties. The road being too rugged for a carriage, I was obliged to mount my horse, and after crossing the Derwent, ascended the heathy hill of Swinside, where I was recompensed for my arduous ascent by a noble prospect.

This view stretched on one side over the whole oblong expanse of Bassenthwayte water, as it lay extended along the base of Skiddaw, calm and unruffled, with a long tract of cultivation along its banks, and several handsome houses near its head. The more animated scene of Derwent lay in front, and behind it, in a broad gap between the mountains, the placid vale of Newlands opened a truly pastoral landscape, full of small inclosures and corn-fields, and enlivened with many whitened cottages. The woods of Foe park, covering an eminence before us, concealed the town of Keswick, through a part of which I passed to a whimsical house, or rather a chain of single rooms, which Lord William Gordon has built on the bank of the lake. The architecture indeed, both of this house and Mr. Pocklington's numerous buildings, is not much to be approved, and in the

latter the pert appearance of a tall house, full of small Venetian windows, suits but ill with the grandeur and simplicity of the surrounding country, and seems better calculated for the meridian of five miles round the metropolis. Both these gentlemen, however, deserve ample praise for the spirit of improvement they have introduced into the country, and Lord William Gordon in particular is now employed about a noble road, carried for a considerable extent on a raised terrace above the lake, which vies with the magnificence of a Roman work; and when finished, will present a scene almost rivalling the beauties of the opposite shore. I traced it for some distance as far as it was passable, and had a more complete view than I could before gain of the whole lake with its islands immediately below me, while the close-impending cliffs of Barrowside made a bold finish to the opposite view, and Skiddaw on the left closed up the amphitheatre. I could not leave Keswick without making an attempt to scale the top of that mighty hill; but though I gained the summit, after a long and laborious ascent of five miles, the clouds collecting all around, prevented my enjoying the ample prospect it affords, and soon enveloped the whole in obscurity. The two lakes, however, were still distinct and beautiful objects, and the chaos of mountains around Borrodale hung their diminished heads far below, while the craggy top of Helvellyn alone presumed to equal the height on which I stood. In a clear day, I am told the Isle of Man is visible from hence, and the coast of Scotland with the Galloway mountains may be observed towards Port Patrick, where the Irish shore advances to

meet it; while on the right the Northumbrian hills of Cheviot rise boldly in view. For my part I could only discern the Solway Frith, dividing England and Scotland, and some blue hills on the Scotch side, when the advancing storm drove me from my position, and I was glad to avoid its fury by a precipitate descent.

At length we left Keswick, highly satisfied with the wonders and beauties that nature has embellished it with, and passing through the fertile vale of Saint John, soon reached an open country, over which we proceeded to Penrith. The opposite hills of Westmorland were finely illuminated by the evening sun as we descended to the town, and the bold ruin of Brougham castle directly fronted us. Penrith is a handsome well-built town, and has an air of opulence and gentility which differs much from the places we had left. We entered the town by the walls of its castle, which stands directly above it, and would be a handsome ruin, were it not for the red stone wherewith all the buildings in this part of the country are constructed, which gives it the appearance of a coarse brick. It stands in a pleasant and well-wooded country, watered by the river Emont, which takes its course hither from Ullswater.

To this last remaining lake we now bent our course through the pleasant and shady vale of Emont, and almost on the banks of the river, passing by Dalmain, a large old seat of Mr. Hazell, and winding round the singular conic hill of Dunmallet, which is covered with his plantations, and projects into the head of the lake. Ullswater, being nine miles in length, is next in size to

Windermere, and unites in some measure the cultivated beauties of that lake with the sublimity of Derwentwater; though I think it falls short of the peculiar character of each. Its most striking distinction is in the boldness of its two great turns, where the protruding mountains seem to have altered its natural course, and divided it into three grand reaches. The first of these is somewhat more than three miles in length, and near a mile wide; at the extremity of which the bold projection of Place Fell presents itself, nearly opposite to some pleasing inclosures about Watermillock, an old seat of Mr. Robinson.

Hitherto the country appeared rather tame in comparison with that we had left, and the hills seemed deficient in grandeur; but the inclosures crept sweetly up the sides of them, where they were interspersed agreeably with farm houses and wood, and the broad bosom of the lake entirely filled the valley. It turned almost in a right angle from Place Fell, and for a time grew somewhat narrower; but as soon as we entered the fine wild tract of Gowborow park it expanded again, and after another long reach made a second curve to the left, at the foot of the ridge of mountains which forms the base of Helvellyn. Just at this turn the Duke of Norfolk has erected a Gothic building, to which he has given the name of Lynulph's Tower. It stands considerably above the lake, in the midst of the wild romantic scenery of Goborow park, and within is parcelled out into a vast number of indifferent and ill-furnished apartments. The prospect it commands, however, is beyond measure striking. A circular hill of heath mixed with rock, rises on the opposite shore, which grows

apparently bolder, till it ends in a high promontory of grey cliffs at the turn of the lake; the mountains press forward on the other side, with their hollows charmingly variegated with wood and rock; and a cultivated tract still decorates the level that extends below them towards Paterdale, where a few whitened cottages just shew their heads at the extremity of the view. The bold and waving sweep of the lake itself forms the finest feature in the landscape, while two rocky islands distinguish the level where it begins to contract, and the mishapen heads of the great cluster of mountains behind, give a grand finish to the whole. I cannot do justice to this scene, or indeed to the particular beauties of Ullswater, as we were favoured with but few gleams of sunshine in our view of it, and the showers gave but little intermission. They grew incessant before we quitted Lynulph's tower; so we proceeded no further, but turning back, took refuge at a little inn at Pooley bridge, beneath the foot of Dunmallet, from whence we returned to Penrith.

We had now entirely left the regions of romance; and having passed the view which Penrith beacon commands, we traversed a range of dreary and heathy downs till we came within sight of Carlisle. Beyond it we discovered the blue hills of Scotland; and the Solway Frith appeared as if raised above the fenny tract of its moss which surrounds it. One bold hill towards the sea distinguished itself in the midst of the level, which seemed to extend from the water to the very foot of Skiddaw, whose pointed head now began to exalt itself in sight, and appear as the last link of a prodigious chain of mountains. The

road grew very indifferent as we approached Carlisle, the south gate of which led us into a handsome street; it has also two others nearly as good, leading to the Irish and Scotch gates. Were the passes to each of these, where they meet in the centre of the town, enlarged, and an area formed there, with a new county hall, which is much wanted, few cities would make a neater appearance. It is walled entirely round; and its castle fronts the north, on an eminence above the river Eden, to defend the city against any attack from its restless neighbours, the Scotch. Being now useless, little remains except the gateway, and a ruined tower, in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined; yet the idle parade of a warden, and a few cannon mounted on the walls, is still kept up. Of the cathedral, the choir alone remains entire, which has been lately very well fitted up; and the old oak stalls, after the manner of those of York, are judiciously preserved. It is all built of a mouldering red stone; the choir and the east window being of light Gothic, and just enough remaining of the great aile to show it was of very heavy Saxon. It formerly extended to a great length, and was pulled down by Cromwell, at the time of the rebellion, to make a barrack. This being the frontier town of England, it has become the resort of several genteel families, whose houses make a respectable appearance.

CHAP. IV.

Long Town—Extraordinary Exertions of the late Dr. Graham—Entrance of Scotland—Solway Frith, and its Moss—Gretna Green—Different Appearance of a Scotch and English Village—Annan—Dumfries—Drumlanrig Castle—Nith-dale—Sanquar—Lead Hills—Douglas Mill—Falls of the Clyde near Lanerk—Hamilton Town and Palace—Bothwell Castle—Glasgow.

LEAVING Carlisle by the Scotch gate, we passed two bridges over the Eden, which is here divided, and pursued a marshy unpleasant country to Long Town; a neat village, with four wide and uniform streets, intersecting each other at right angles, with a cross in the centre. This place, together with most part of the country round it, owes its existence almost to the exertions and generosity of the late Dr. Graham, who had a very considerable estate in this neighbourhood. By the constant assiduity of a long life, he rescued many thousand acres from the Solway Moss, divided them into farms, decked those farms with houses and inclosures, and gave the whole the flourishing appearance it now bears. His plantations too spread all around, and decorated the whole face of the country. Nor was his care confined to the land alone, and its productions; for it was bestowed still more effectually on that part of the human

species which fell under his dominion. By a constant and unwearied attention, tempered with a due portion of rigour and severity, he overcame the native idleness of his vassals, and compelled them to exert those faculties, which would otherwise have slept in the supineness that overwhelms the neighbouring country. His liberality confirmed what his authority effected, whereby he lived long respected and revered; and to this day his memory is cherished, and his loss regretted. Such a man appears but seldom to bless a country; and a character like this deserves more praises than the Man of Ross, in whose eulogium Pope has been so lavish. Passing the Esk at Long Town, we descended to the very edge of Solway Moss, where the little river Sark brought us into

SCOTLAND.

I was surprised to find my entrance into this kingdom originate in a fen; but the Solway Frith, which we approached, extends its influence far on each side, and the ground is marshy for a considerable distance. A small ascent brought us to Gretna Green, the first village in Scotland, and the celebrated resort of those who seek a speedier introduction to Hymen than their own country will allow. From the length of time, and the general intercourse of the nations since the Union, I was amazed to find such a wonderful change at once in the appearance of the people and their habitations. Instead of the healthy peasant, and the neat cottage, which adorn the most remote English villages, my eyes encountered, in a cluster of mud-built

sheds, a number of miserable wretches, ragged, bare-footed, and squalid, almost beyond the power of description. Nor was this misery confined to a single spot; for it attended every village, and almost every countenance I met with, in my way to Glasgow. Such wretchedness is naturally the offspring of idleness, ignorance, and necessity. Whether the increasing consequence of Scotland, in commerce and cultivation, will remove it, is in a fair way to be tried; at present, however, this deplorable state of the common people greatly discredits a country to which nature has been in other respects very munificent. We took the great Irish road from Gretna Green, and continued on the side of Solway Frith till we reached Annan, where it becomes a sea. This is a neat town, and pleasantly situated on the banks of a fine river, which is here crossed by a handsome bridge of five arches. A noble road led us, at a little distance from the sea, to Dumfries, by Cumlungan castle, an old place of Lord Stormont. The face of the country was for the most part flat, but more cultivated than I expected to find it, except where a moss environed the road, and appeared prolific only in turbaries. Towards the conclusion of our ride, several high hills appeared in front and on the right at a distance, while to the left of Dumfries a lofty mountain, from the extreme point of the county of Kirkudbright, projected far into the sea. This is the same great hill which we observed before we came to Carlisle; and here it appeared nobly opposed by Skiddaw, and the Cumberland mountains towering over the low grounds on the opposite side of the bay. Dumfries is the capital of its county, and consists princi-

pally of one large street, from whence several smaller descend to the broad river Nith, over which it has a bridge. It has also three handsome spires, one of which rises from the town hall, in the centre of the principal street, which is wide, and contains several good houses. We had a most romantic ride from hence through Nith-dale, mostly on the banks of the river for near thirty miles; but the road, though a turnpike, was extremely rough, and torn up by the coal carts, which travel it in great abundance. The magnificent castle of Drumlanrig, the old residence of the Queensberry family, lies in this vale, and exhibits a noble spectacle of the ancient Scottish grandeur. The front is richly ornamented in the style of those Gothic buildings which were produced at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the other parts of the structure appear plainer and older. Two turrets are placed above the entrance, and four high round towers rise from the corners of the inner quadrangle, each forming a separate staircase. The grand suite of apartments is in the second story, and the great dining-room and gallery are noble rooms; but their furniture and old tapestry display the tarnished and moth-eaten magnificence of a former age. Indeed the whole of this palace, and its environs, languishes in a state of premature decline; and the mournful silence that reigns within, joined with the broken cascades and overgrown wildernesses without, presents a melancholy token of desertion and decay.

Hospitality however had not taken its flight entirely; for being disappointed in the inn we expected to find, we easily gained

permission to eat the dinner we had brought with us in the state apartment; and the housekeeper obligingly furnished us with every convenience. There we had full leisure to contemplate the magnificence of former times, while we occupied the velvet sophas and chairs which monarchs had formerly reposed on. We soon rejoined our rugged turnpike; and passing under the great hill of Entrakin, enjoyed a perpetual succession of fine views through a charming vale, where the river Nith rushes impetuously over a rocky bed, under great forests of oak, already, alas! falling beneath the relentless axe, which has dismantled the groves of Drumlanrig. We pursued this vale to the wretched town of Sanquar; and then retracing two miles of our way, turned to the left, and followed a truly romantic track, over a variety of precipices, above a little stream that rattled below us, and wound its way beneath a succession of high hills, in the most fantastic shapes, covered on the top with clouds, while their sides and bases were fringed with fine wood. Nothing can be imagined more desolate and beautiful; for every sign of cultivation was banished, and we might have fancied ourselves in the recesses of India, or the deserts of America. At length we gradually ascended one of the hills, where a village is formed for the habitations of those who work the neighbouring lead mines; and from thence, by an easy descent, joined the road from Carlisle to Glasgow, at Abingtown; a small village, in a wild and open country, through which we proceeded to a decent little inn at Douglas Mill.

We were tempted to stay two nights at this place for the sake

of visiting the justly celebrated falls of the Clyde, and were fortunate in our day for the purpose. We took the Lanerk road, and after a hilly ride of six miles descended to the river, where it is crossed by a very elegant stone bridge of exquisite workmanship. Four neighbouring gentlemen have the credit of substituting this noble pile instead of an inconvenient ferry, and they are allowed to indemnify themselves by a moderate toll. They have shewn their taste in architecture in the design, and given an excellent proof of their public spirit by the undertaking. The two first falls of the Clyde are in the grounds of Sir John Lockhart Ross at Boniton, who has excelled even Sir Michael le Fleming in making them accessible to the public, as he has with great liberality made a carriage way for that sole purpose as far as it was practicable, and an excellent gravel walk from thence. Nothing can be more striking than the first, which bears the name of Cora-Lyn, where the whole body of that great river dashes over a vast precipice of craggy rocks, which project in several ledges, so as to break the fall, and cover the whole chasm with foam by the impetuosity of the torrent. The corner of a ruined mansion projects finely over the cataract, and each side of the fall is entirely covered with wood, charmingly intermixed with the two huge walls of rock through which the river afterwards pursues its course.

The other fall, called Boniton-Lyn, is considerably less, and is seen to the greatest advantage where you catch it through a wood, rolling in a single sheet almost at right angles with a great reach of the river that fronts you. The scenery of rock

and wood is not wanting here, and Sir John Lockhart Ross's grounds, which extend every where towards the river, are charmingly varied in hill and dale. He is now building a good house in the upper part of them, where he will command an extensive prospect of the adjacent country and the river. The remaining fall, called Stone-bier-force, lies two miles below Lanerk, and is by far the greatest of the three, but it is not seen to so much advantage as the others, neither is it so accessible. I crossed the Clyde by an old bridge with a gateway on it, and soon afterwards came to the spot through a range of meadows. The wood and rock overhang it so that it is difficult to gain a complete view of it, and the best I could find was through the window of a mill. It is properly a combination of three falls, with a shelf of rock between each, and in the whole is said to measure sixty feet. The stream is beyond measure impetuous, and the rocks are finely disposed; but I think it is inferior to the others in the surrounding beauties of the landscape.

We got an indifferent dinner at the wretched town of Lanerk, which covers the top of a high hill, and returned to Douglas Mill, from whence we proceeded to Hamilton. The country grew better as we approached that place, but the roughness of the road soon gave us to understand we were in the neighbourhood of coal works. A pleasing romantic scene opened beneath the Duke's park of Chatelerhault just where we crossed the little river Avon, but the extreme wretchedness of the town soon effaced the memory of it. The palace of

Hamilton stands rather too near it, but the approach is so judiciously turned through a large plantation and part of the park, that the town is totally shut out from any part of the grounds. The park is as well laid out as the general flatness of the ground will admit of, and the palace is a large majestic pile of building; but its architecture, and especially the modern part of it, is heavy and unpleasant. It contains within, a superb gallery and many good apartments, which are fitted up very elegantly in the English style, and do credit to the taste of the present Duchess. There are several capital paintings in the collection, among which Daniel in the lions' den by Rubens, the marriage feast by Paul Veronese, and a Van Dyke of Fielding Earl of Denbigh with an Indian boy, are most conspicuous. Here we passed the Clyde, and soon after came to Bothwell castle, where Mr. Douglas is building a magnificent house in the finest situation I have seen in Scotland. The Clyde flowing in a circular course between steep and wooded banks, makes the ground on which this mansion stands almost a peninsula, and the principal apartments front the boldest curve of the river. On the extreme point are the noble ruins of Bothwell castle, encompassed by a walk which descends winding into the woods that grow on the very margin of the Clyde. The foundation of this castle is on a solid rock, the walls are built of a fine red stone; and the tower in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined is yet standing. I think the parterres and shrubberies encroach rather too much upon it, and the ground about it is somewhat more trim than

suits the nature of the scene, nor does a smooth bowling-green seem to me properly placed in the very centre of the ruined citadel.

The road became wonderfully crowded, and the country highly cultivated on each side of the river, as we came nearer to Glasgow, which owes the magnificence of itself and its environs to the flourishing state of its manufactures and commerce. It is indeed a very noble city, and its principal street being remarkably wide, and above a mile in length, is hardly to be matched in England. The exchange, with a statue of King William in front, is in the centre, and the houses on each side built of fine stone, with piazzas before them, give it a very singular appearance. I never remember to have seen a place so populous, and the bustle and confusion we were involved in till we quitted it can scarcely be described.

Here is the only remaining cathedral in Scotland; which has suffered little less than demolition, in being divided and subdivided into no less than four ill-contrived Presbyterian churches. Even the vaults, which happened to be more lofty than usual, have not been spared, but a pulpit and a sort of labyrinth of pews have been erected among the dead. The new church is a decent structure, with a grand portico; and the spires of several others make a handsome show, as you approach the city. The college, a gloomy old building, disappointed me much, as I had formed a more considerable idea both of its extent and improvement. The port of Glasgow is near twenty miles distant towards the mouth of the Clyde, but there is a handsome quay here between two fine bridges.

CHAP. V.

Beautiful Ride on the Frith of Clyde to Dunbarton—Dunbarton Rock and Castle—Conflux of the Leven and Clyde—Fine Approach to Loch-Lomond—Luss—Entrance of the Highlands—Wilder Parts of Loch-Lomond—Loch-Long—Rocky Pass of Glen-Crow—Loch-Fyne—Charming View of Inveraray Castle, Park, and Town.

HAVING seen all that was worthy of our notice at Glasgow, we were not sorry to quit the eternal din and riot of that place, and once more breathe the fresh air in our road to Dunbarton. It carried us through a fertile vale, adorned with a variety of villas belonging to the Glasgow merchants, which enlivened the face of the country; though their architecture is not very correct.—The Clyde presented a nobler object on the left, increasing gradually in width as we proceeded, and filled with vessels.

As soon as we passed the town of Kirkpatrick, and the chain of hills, beneath which the ruins of Dunglass castle stretch out into the water, we came in sight of the huge, double-headed rock, on which the castle of Dunbarton projects boldly into the middle of the channel, just at the conflux of the river Leven with the frith of Clyde. This rock itself, rising boldly out of the sands, is of a stupendous height, and almost perpendicular

every where to the eye; so that the labour of fortification is greatly supplied by nature, which left it nearly inaccessible. The walls still remaining have the solid rock for their foundation, and are uncommonly strong; their command too of the frith must have been complete, as the rock narrows the channel to the width of a single mile, which expands prodigiously afterwards, amidst a chain of high hills, towards the sea.

The town of Dunbarton consists chiefly of one indifferent and winding street, with a handsome bridge over the Leven, just before it falls into the Clyde. Our road from thence lay on the side of the Leven, and we soon came to a high pillar erected to the memory of the late Dr. Smollet, who was a native of this country. Fine hedges of quick and holly lined the road throughout the whole of this fertile vale, and several gentlemen's seats appeared well placed on each side of the river, amidst some fine groves. At length we came in full view of the vast expanse of Loch-Lomond, the most considerable of all the lakes of England and Scotland: it is 24 miles in length, and no less than 28 islands of various shapes and sizes distinguish its surface. Its greatest basin is towards the south, where the hills inclosing it are moderate and well cultivated; and in that part I should think it is not less than four miles wide. The vast impending mountain of Ben-Lomond appears to shut it up to the north; and a promontory of rock and wood advances boldly towards it from the opposite shore, concealing the further part of the channel. Nothing can be more beautiful than the woods of birch and holly through which our road wound along its borders,

with a perpetual variety of the finest prospects in nature, from every turn and ascent. Each island appeared to great advantage in succession as we passed; but the greatest, which is rather bare of wood and cultivation, being near two miles in length, sometimes obstructed too much of the water. Opposite to one of the finest islands, which rises in two woody swells, just before the house of Sir James Colquohoun, is the little village of Luss, where we contrived to dine at a very indifferent inn.

We had now entered the Highlands, and proceeded from hence on one of the military roads which General Wade and his soldiers made, with great labour and perseverance, after the rebellion in 1745. Several of these ways in different directions laid open this tract of country, before inaccessible; and they are still in complete repair, except where the mountain torrents have torn a channel across them. Soon after we left Luss the hills closed in upon us, and a quick succession of ascents and descents somewhat retarded our progress. The woods however continued to encompass us, and some signs of cultivation still lingered on the opposite shore, till it reached the foot of Ben-Lomond: that mighty mountain raised his high and rocky head far above his fellows, and extended a gloomy shade across the channel, frowning over the deep in sullen majesty. As soon as we had surmounted the steep of the opposite promontory, a magnificent display of all the lake we had passed opened behind us, forming a surprising bay, 14 miles in length; and encircled with the most charming cultivation. In front towards the north, other mountains, inferior only to Ben-Lomond in height,

black, gloomy, and desolate, erected their unequal summits, while the water again expanded itself beneath their rocky bases, and filled the whole contracted vale for several miles. We pursued its bank on a ridge cut in the mountains, till we came to the inn of Tarbet, where the roads divide to Fort William and Inveraray: the former follows this lake for eight miles further to its extremity; but as we took the latter we soon lost sight of it, and after a short and pleasant ride through an avenue of young oaks, descended to an arm of the sea called Loch-Long, and the house of the Láird of Macfarlane on its banks, now transformed into an excellent inn by the Duke of Argyle, who has purchased it of its ancient and unfortunate possessor. The effect of the tide alone makes these salt-water lakes in Scotland inferior to the others, for they are of such considerable length, are so surrounded by mountains, and wind so like great rivers, that you can otherwise scarce distinguish them. Loch-Long exhibits a fine broad sheet of water, extending almost as far as the eye can reach, between two ridges of high hills: on the north side they are quite mountainous, where we penetrated a large gap in the chain, after passing round the head of the lake for three miles. It is difficult to form an idea of so desolate a region as that which we entered into here, in the vale of Glen-Crow; the grandeur and wildness of which is perfectly unparalleled in any inhabited country. Imagine a valley turned and twisted in the most abrupt manner by the protruding bases of high and rocky mountains, with a furious torrent rushing between them, and forcing its way over huge stones that have fallen from them:

their sides are strewed with innumerable fragments arrested in their passage; and vast craggy rocks, like the battlements of a fortification, impending from above as far as the eye can reach, admit but a partial daylight—chaos itself could scarcely have appeared more dreary and mis-shapen, when light first dawned upon it; and nature seems to have forgot this spot in the formation of the universe. Encompassed by mountains inaccessible to human footsteps, on which the eagle alone builds his nest, the traveller pursues his way with silent horror through this dismal solitude, where all but the track he follows is impervious; except to the few scattered sheep which appear here and there frightfully disposed on precipices, far beyond their shepherd's pursuit. The military road is conducted through this valley with great art and labour; and where a mountain at the end blocks up all further passage, it winds in the most extraordinary zig-zag for several laborious miles, till it reaches its highest accessible point. Here, under a prodigious barrier of black rock, which crowns the whole, and rises above the clouds in a summit most uncouthly serrated, a stone seat is placed, with the inscription of "Rest, and be thankful." The little level on the top is almost filled with a small pool, and the descent is not much less rapid into the Glen of Kinloss, which yielding only to Glen-Crow in dreariness, terminates at the head of Loch-Fyne, where we found the miserable little inn of Cairndow.

Loch-Fyne is another long arm of the sea, which penetrates still further into the country than Loch-Long; like which it is surrounded by mountains; but it differs in the bold sweeps it

makes, and in having several large bays formed by the projecting lands. After some miles progress on the banks of this lake, from one of these promontories we came in full view of the glorious scene of Inveraray town and castle, beneath a noble range of well-planted hills on the opposite side of the bay. This princely domain has been long the chief seat of the noble family of Argyle; and nothing has been spared, during several successions, to render it the pride and boast of the country. The grand approach to the present mansion, which the late duke erected on the site of the old castle, is through a gateway at the foot of a bridge, before you reach the town, from whence it immediately crosses a magnificent avenue of old beeches, near a fresh-water lake in the park, and ascends the side of a considerable hill, through a range of pleasing plantations: here all the beauties of the place break at once upon the sight; the little town, in several neat and regular fronts, lies spread over the extremity of the bay, beyond which the water swells into an amazing expanse, surrounded every where with mountains, and filled with vessels. On the right, high hills extend their waving tops, covered with plantations; and below them the castle occupies a gentle swell of the most verdant lawn, crossed by a rapid river, and covered with all the luxuriance of large old trees and rising plantations. Through this lawn we descended, and passing for some way along the banks of the furious Aray, crossed it by a magnificent bridge of one arch, and approached the mansion. It is a large quadrangular building, with four round towers at the corners, and is constructed of a fine dark stone; but its architecture, being a

bad imitation of the Gothic, is not pleasing: and an enormous tower placed in the centre, to give light to the staircase, encumbers the whole pile disagreeably: within, it contains several good apartments, most of which are fitted up in a taste far too spruce and gaudy for the simplicity and magnificence of the scene around. I own I could not help wishing to transplant the deserted palace of Drumlanrig to a spot, the surrounding beauties of which would replace it in more than its original splendour. An avenue of fine limes feathering down to the ground, led us from the house into another range of charming plantations, which in a circle of about two miles brought us round to the town. This place has been entirely new built by the late and the present duke; and its principal buildings, consisting of a large inn and a handsome custom-house, extend along the point of the bay, and enjoy a noble prospect of the Loch, with its surrounding mountains, to the entrance of Glen-Kinloss. On the left, the castle stands proudly in the midst of its highly ornamented territory; and directly in front, above a grand bridge over the Aray, a vast pyramidical hill rises, covered to the top with pines, and crowned with a high building. The old town stood between the castle and the water, and disgraced the lawn with a range of wretched cottages, till the duke removed them, and formed a handsome street at a proper distance; where it adds a lively feature to the prospect which this magnificent place displays in the midst of a dreary desert.

CHAP. VI.

Road from Inveraray by Loch-Awe and Kilchurn Castle to Dalmaly in the Vale of Glenorchy—Tyndrum—Glendochart, or the Vale of Affliction—Killin—beautiful Ride on the Banks of Loch-Tay, to Taymouth—Vale of Glen-Lion—Vale of Straith-Tay—Falls of Moness—Tay Bridge—Faskally—Pass of Killikranky—Blair of Athol—Blair Castle, and Yorke Cascade—charming Ride from Blair to Dunkeld—Dunkeld House, Cathedral, and Hermitage—Grand Exit of the Highlands under Birnam Wood, and within sight of Dunsinane.

THE Duke of Argyle's extensive plantations continued spread on each side of our way for near six miles from Inveraray, after which the road grew amazingly wild and hilly as we approached the borders of Loch-Awe. In passing round the head of this lake, we looked down a fine reach of near ten miles, distinguished with a variety of little wooded islands, and hemmed in by bare and lofty mountains, between two chains of which one river rolled out of the lake towards Loch-Etive, where it falls into the sea, and another took its course through the vale which we pursued. The ruin of Kilchurn castle, an old seat of the Breadalbane family, appeared at the head of the lake, from whence a very arduous course of hills brought us to the pleasant vale of Glenorchy, and the little inn of Dalmaly. A neat village

in the midst of a cultivated valley interspersed with some woods, and watered by a fine river, is always a pleasing object, but that of Glenorchy is doubly so from the waste that surrounds it. We enjoyed it for a very short distance, when the mountains in which we became inclosed soon cut off all prospect of the habitations of men, and involved us in an almost primeval solitude. A dismal and dreary scene succeeded for many miles, and the whole was desert, forlorn, and uncultivated, while every rise shewed the tops of new mountains as bleak and barren as the former, involved in clouds, and furrowed with a perpetual succession of furious torrents. A little river accompanied us, which swelled into a small lake just before we came to a very tolerable inn at Tyndrum. Mr. Pennant calls this the highest house in Scotland, as a small stream flows from one side of it towards the western sea, and the river Tay rising close by it takes its course eastwards to the German ocean. It is certainly in as desolate a spot as a house could be placed; but we were agreeably surprised to find it by no means destitute of good accommodation. From hence we made a rapid and very rugged descent on the banks of the Tay, which grew more considerable by the accession of innumerable torrents from the hills as we advanced, and swelled in the course of a few miles from a mere mountain stream to a broad and tranquil river. We crossed it just before a branch of the military road turns off to the right towards Loch-Lomond, and continuing on the ridge above its bank, we soon entered Glen Dochart, or the vale of affliction. High rocky mountains through the whole of this romantic tract impended on each side

over the river, and cast a mournful shade over two small lakes which it forms in its passage. Several fine groves give a forest-like appearance to the margin of the water, and on a rocky island in one of the lakes stands the gloomy ruin of Castle-Dochart, well suited to the melancholy scene around. In the days of magic this glen would have served for the recess of some necromancer, and the mouldering turrets of Castle-Dochart might have formed his solitary mansion. We should have enjoyed the singularity of this scene, which lasted for many miles, had not the road been so rough and indifferent as to exclude all possibility of amusement, and even to raise a doubt of security. Indeed these military roads through the Highlands, of which I had heard so great a character, disappointed me somewhat on the trial I made of them. This is entirely the fault of the inhabitants; for they were so well made originally when this tract of country was first laid open by General Wade and his soldiers, that very little care and attention were wanting to render them perpetual. Wherever that little has been bestowed, as in the vicinage of Inveraray, they are excellent; but in other districts they are much neglected, and hastening to decay. The road I am speaking of is scarcely passable, the rock which is its foundation being totally uncovered in many places, and innumerable stony channels having been torn across it by the violence of the mountain torrents. The hills too over which it is carried are remarkably steep, and the way is often frightfully conducted over the very edges of the precipices.

The vale widened considerably after we left the Sterling road,

about five miles before we reached Killin, a small town beautifully situated at the head of Loch-Tay, where we were not sorry to take refuge in a pleasant inn, after a very arduous stage of twenty miles from Tyndrum. We had now surmounted all our difficulties, and a delightful road, new made by Lord Breadalbane conveyed us for sixteen miles along the southern banks of Loch-Tay to his fine seat at Taymouth. We seemed at once transplanted into England, and another lake of Windermere rolled its transparent waves below us. The horrors of the mountainous region gradually receded, and it now formed a grand and not unpleasing outline of our prospect; while cultivation crept sweetly more than half way up the sides of the hills, and clusters of cottages appeared sprinkled about the inclosures. Loch-Tay is sixteen miles in length, and in general about two miles wide; it entirely fills the vale, except where some charming wooded or cultivated points of land project into the water, and it is particularly distinguished by three bold turns, at nearly equal distances. The first presents a view of the sweet inclosures and rich woods about Killin, together with the junction of the placid Lochy with the impetuous Tay behind a long reach of the lake, backed by a strangely unequal cluster of prodigious mountains. In the second we admired a great expanse of water swelling into a deep bay behind a high wooded headland on the northern shore; and here we had a delightful retrospect of all the scenes we had past from Killin. The third opens at once upon the rich groves of Taymouth, between high perpendicular hills clothed with pines to their summits; while the Tay, emerging from the lake,

meanders through the midst of them. A magnificent bridge of five arches crosses the exit of the river, and the beautiful church of Kenmore projects in full front into the lake before the neat range of buildings that compose its village. About two miles before we reached this place I mounted a steep hill on the right, to visit Lord Breadalbane's hermitage. The approach to it is through a dark cavern in a thick wood, and it is built to command a full view of a vast cataract of 240 feet, almost perpendicular, surrounded on all sides, and crowned as high as the eye can reach with wood. I understand it often disappoints the traveller through a want of water; but the long continuance of wet weather at this time made it very magnificent, and its roar was truly tremendous. The stream immediately after its fall is lost in the wood below, through which it tears its way to the lake. Amidst all the natural and acquired beauties of the surrounding country I own Taymouth itself disappointed me; perhaps I had formed too high an idea of it from hearing it repeatedly praised, but certainly it is far inferior to Inveraray both in magnificence and decoration. Much labour has been well bestowed on the park, a rich tract of ground occupying the hollow of the vale, and well planted. The great walks are very extensive, and one in particular on the opposite side of the river is three miles in length; but though it winds considerably, it has all the uniformity without the grandeur of an avenue, and the trees admit the river, which is the finest feature in the landscape, but partially. A great number of heavy wall fences, with clumsy palisades between their pillars, offend the eye every where; and

the temples are but indifferent pieces of architecture. They are well placed however, and the views from the fort and the temple of Venus are delightful. The house is in the worst situation of all, at the very bottom of the park, from which neither the lake or even the river are visible, though it is close to the latter, for a very magnificent avenue of high trees, called the Berceau walk, excludes it entirely. The centre of the house is the remainder of the old castle, to which the late Lord Breadalbane added two heavy wings in the modern taste, which do not well assimilate with the old Scottish turrets in the middle. The dining and drawing-rooms are the only large apartments, and they contain several good pictures, among which the old pedigree painting, with the portraits of the lineal successors to the Breadalbane title in a genealogical tree, is most remarkable.

Before I left Taymouth I took a pleasant ride through the rich vale of Glen-Lion, to see the great yew tree mentioned by Mr. Pennant in his Tour of Scotland. He says it originally measured fifty-six feet and a half in the girth, but it is now only the ruin of what it was, and its parts are so separated that it is difficult to imagine they ever were united. The soil of this part of the country seems particularly favourable to the growth of large timber, which flourishes greatly in Lord Breadalbane's park. I saw there the trunk of a surprising beech which was blown down last winter; and in the walks I was shewn a beautiful birch, that exceeded any size I thought it possible for that tree to grow to.

The charming vale of Straith-Tay brought us to Aberfeldie,

where I walked about a mile through a gentleman's grounds to see the falls of Moness. They present a grand display of three cascades in one point of view, where a small river dashes over a precipice of broken rocks into a profound abyss, so covered with wood, that the eye can scarcely reach it as it rattles along below. There is said to be another fall at a small distance in one sheet, considerably higher than these, but I had not time to visit it.

Returning to Aberfeldie we crossed Tay bridge, the grand monument of the exertions of our military countrymen, on which General Wade has placed the following very elegant and classic inscription in Latin :

Mirare
Viam hanc militarem
ultrà Romanos terminos
M. Passuum CCL. hac illac
extensam ;
Tesquis et Paludibus insultantem,
per Montes Rupesque patefactam,
et indignanti Tavo,
ut cernis, instratam.

Opus hoc arduum suâ solertiâ,
Et decennali Militum operâ
Anno Æræ Christianæ 1733 posuit G. Wade,
Copiarum in Scotiâ Præfectus.
Ecce quantum valeant Regis Georgii II. auspicia.

A rugged track led us on the northern bank of the Tay, with a variety of fine prospects perpetually occurring, till the rapid Tumel interrupted our course just at its junction with the Tay, and obliged us to cross an inconvenient ferry. Here we fell into a noble road leading from Edinburgh to Inverness, and proceeded for many miles with the Tumel on our left, winding charmingly through a tract of rich inclosures. Fine woods of birch and young oak frequently surrounded the road, and a huge pile of mountains opposed themselves boldly towards the north; at the foot of which we found the romantic seat of Faskally, glowing with all the verdant beauties of a more southern climate, amidst an amphitheatre of the thickest woods, and encircled by the meandering Carriè rushing from the mountains towards the Tumel. We now approached these mighty barriers, and a sudden turn brought us to the famous pass of Killikranky, where the Highlanders still exult in their ancestors' signal victory over the English army. The military road carried through it, with wonderful labour and ingenuity, has rendered it little less memorable, and displays a mile of the most romantic scenery I ever beheld. It is hollowed in the rocky side of a tremendous gap in this ridge of mountains, forming a nearly level shelf, with woods of birch descending every where down a prodigious precipice to the Carriè, which tears its way far beneath through a hollow winding glen, over which one surprising arch is thrown, connecting the opposite mountains. Rock intermixed with wood impends perpendicularly over all the pass, and the burst of view at its exit over the rich valley of Athol, with all the plantations of

Blair, watered by the Carriè, and backed by the wild mountains of Dalnachardoch, both surprises and delights the traveller. The house of Blair is the old mansion of the Athol family, and was once a castle; but it has been so awkwardly modernized at different periods, that its ancient majesty is entirely lost in a mass of irregular and white-washed buildings. Within, it contains several stately apartments, which occupy the upper stories, and a long and steep staircase makes the access to them inconvenient; but I suppose they were placed there to command a prospect, which the flat on which the house is situated denies to the lower rooms. The gardens are extensive, in the ancient style; and there are several drives in the plantations, one of which led us to the Yorke cascade, where I was somewhat disappointed, as it is not to be compared to that of Taymouth, or to the falls of Moness. A scarcity of water showed it to less advantage; and as the height is great, and the glen below well wooded, it must sometimes be more worthy of admiration than we found it.

Here we concluded our progress towards the north, the season being too far advanced to admit of our visiting Loch-Ness and Inverness, as we had originally intended.

Returning southward from Blair, we retraced our route through the pass of Killikranky; and pursued an excellent road on the banks of the Tay, from the place of its junction with the Tumel to Dunkeld. A more charming ride can scarcely be imagined, through a broad and fertile vale, between bold hills finely planted; and on a terrace, above a wide and rapid river.—I

wish Dr. Johnson had passed from Blair to Dunkeld, before he branded Scotland with the imputation of being bare of wood; for I never remember to have seen richer groves of oak, beech, and birch, or finer single trees, in any part of England. But he seems to have travelled only through the worst parts of the country, partially determined to abuse the whole; and therefore studied to be blind to its beauties, noticing only its defects.

The Duke of Athol has another seat at Dunkeld; and has embellished the whole country round with a great variety of fine plantations, covering the high rude hills that encircle it, and extending in thick groves along the banks of the Tay. The house is a plain neat building close to the town, which is but the shadow of what it was; and the ruins of the cathedral stand in the gardens. The tower is yet entire; and the arches and windows of the principal aile are perfect, in the solid style of the ancient Gothic. I observed a semicircular arch over each of the pillars, by way of gallery above, which was placed under a Gothic window, in a style quite different from any of the English cathedrals. The modern church of Dunkeld occupies what was the choir; and like the rest of the Scotch churches, is wretchedly fitted up. Near the town, on the opposite side of the Tay, are some falls of the small river Braan, which the duke has inclosed in a new plantation: they do not appear very considerable to those who have passed through the northern Highlands; but being intermixed with wood and rock, they exhibit a pleasing spectacle. He has lately pulled down a hermitage that commanded a view of them; and erected a modern temple

in an extraordinary taste: it presents the form of a rotunda, with a dome concealing the waterfall; and on entering the building, a large picture of Ossian fronting you moves aside by touching a spring, and introduces you to a handsome room with a large bow, through which you are surprised with the fall. The design is whimsical, and not without some effect; but the fitting up of the room with gilding, and a great variety of looking-glasses, is insufferably tawdry, and does not correspond with its situation.

Soon after we left our pleasant inn at Inver, opposite to Dunkeld, we came to a steep and rugged pass between the mountains, with the Tay below us; and here with some regret we quitted the Highlands, and left far behind us that extraordinary country, which amply repaid every difficulty of our travel with its matchless scenes, and its bold and manly race of inhabitants. Here we were shown the inconsiderable remains of Birnam wood, which, as Mr. Pennant with equal humour and truth observes, "has never recovered the march of its ancestors to Dunsinane:" indeed, it must have been a fatiguing one to such unpractised travellers, as the ridge of hills, on which some remains of that fortress are said to be yet extant, appears at a considerable distance, across a wide plain.

CHAP. VII.

Perth—Palace of Scone—Moncrieff Hill—Vale of Straith-Earn—Ochill Hills—Loch-Leven Lake and Castle—Kinross—Rumbling Brigg—Castle Campbell—Sterling—Striking View from Sterling Castle—Carron Works—Hopeton House—Edinburgh—Grand Display of Objects from Edinburgh Castle—Excursions to Dalkeith, Newbattle, Pennycuick, and Roslin Castle—Leith—Haddington—Dunbar—Singular Structure of the Pease Bridge—Moor of Coldingham—Berwick Bounds—General Character of Scotland and its Inhabitants.

A DREARY extent of vale, not altogether uncultivated, succeeded; and a road shamefully neglected, being scarcely passable in many parts, conveyed us through a country totally uninteresting, except where it happened to lie on the banks of the Tay. It became a little better before we reached Perth, a considerable town, greatly increased by its late commercial importance, and still in a state of improvement. Its principal ornament is the Tay, here extended to a great breadth, and navigable for ships of a considerable burden. A very noble bridge of nine arches is thrown over it, which I crossed to visit the old palace of Scone, now the principal seat of the Stormont family. It is a large but plain structure, surrounding two courts, and

finely situated on a gentle eminence above the Tay, commanding some fine views of the river, the town of Perth, and the distant Highland mountains. It has been long in a neglected state, but the present lord is adding greatly to the plantations, and fitting up several of the apartments in a handsome style. The dining and drawing-rooms, together with a gallery 160 feet in length, deserve the attention he is bestowing on them; but I chiefly admired his taste and judgment in leaving the range of apartments that were occupied by the unfortunate Mary untouched, as she inhabited them. They are but indifferent rooms; yet the gilding and ornament of the walls seem above what Scotland could boast in that age, and may be attributed to the taste brought from France with Mary. It naturally inspires a train of melancholy ideas, to see the tapestry and the bed, which were the work of that unhappy princess during her long captivity, preserved in these solitary apartments to perpetuate the memory of her sufferings.

Returning to Perth, we passed by Gowrie house, once famous for its lord's conspiracy; and leaving the quay on the left, soon ascended the hill of Moncrieff, from whence we had a glorious prospect of the town and river, with the distant Highlands on one side, and the fertile vale of Straith-Earn, with its beautifully winding river, on the other. On the right, all the hills were covered with the groves and rising plantations of Castle Dupplin, the top of which was just visible among the trees. A handsome seat of Sir William Moncrief lay on our left, just before we crossed the Earn; and we had a fine view of the junc-

tion of that river with the frith of Tay, and the port of Errol at a distance, as we scaled the long and laborious ascent of the Ochill hills. After traversing several of their high and downish ridges for some miles, we descended into a spacious plain, in the midst of which lay the broad lake of Loch-Leven, with the ruin of its castle in a small island where Mary was confined. Far different was this scene from the rich wood and lofty mountains encircling the Highland lakes: the hills, though high, were totally deficient in grandeur; the whole country seemed a bare and bleak expanse; and the lake itself a large pool, the boundaries of which were visible all around. The groves about the large modern pile of Kinross house alone distinguished the prospect; and the spire of the little town of Kinross peeped over them not unpleasantly.—Here we left the high road, and turning westward across this great plain, pursued a wretched track towards Sterling, with the Ochill hills on the right of us all the way.

About seven miles from Kinross, I crossed a field to see a singular curiosity, called the Rumbling Brigg, where a single arch is thrown over a narrow chasm of 80 feet perpendicular to the river Devon, which can but just be perceived below, tearing a dark channel through black rocks, frightfully overhung with wood. Somewhat further, on a steep projecting rock in a cleft of the Ochill hills, I saw the remains of Castle Campbell, once the principal seat of the Argyle family. It is now very difficult of access from the vale, and must once have been almost impregnable; but a more secluded and dismal situation I never beheld.

The names of the places around correspond with its appearance; for according to Mr. Pennant, it was called "the castle of "Gloom, was seated in the parish of Dolor, bounded by the "glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow."

The Ochill hills, still on our right, grew precipitous and rocky towards the termination of our ride, when we crossed a rich plain to an old bridge over the river Forth, which brought us into the ancient town of Sterling. With most of the Scotch towns, Sterling seems likely to be somewhat improved; and indeed it requires it, for I never beheld a collection of steeper and narrower streets, with such mean and irregular buildings, or so dirty a set of inhabitants. Like Sterne's description of Montrieul, Sterling makes an excellent figure at a distance, does not look quite so well as you approach it, and when you come to it, is very wretched indeed. Its castle, however, is one of the finest sights in Scotland, and conveys a considerable idea of the original grandeur of the place and nation: it entirely covers the top of a huge rock rising in the middle of the plain, and perpendicular on all sides, except towards the town, which descends in a steep hill from it. It is now made use of as a barrack for soldiers; and the palace of James the Fifth, with the shell of the old parliament house, are yet in complete preservation. The prospect on all sides is astonishingly great, extending westward to Ben-Lomond and the mountains of Argyleshire, and eastward to the frith of Forth and Edinburgh. Immediately below lies the most fertile of plains, intersected by the manifold

windings of the river Forth, and bounded by the Ochill hills towards the north.

We took the Edinburgh road from Sterling, and amidst the smoke of innumerable colleries, soon arrived at the Carron works, where I had an opportunity of seeing the greatest iron founderies in Europe. The whole country around is infected with the sooty complexion of these manufactures; and the towns of Falkirk and Lithinglow through which we passed, being deeply tinged, more than rivalled Sterling in the filthiness and misery of their appearance. We deviated from the high road for the sake of visiting Hopeton, the superb seat of Lord Hopeton, nobly situated on an eminence, commanding the frith of Forth, and several of its islands. The effect of the whole building, extended as it is to an amazing length, is surprisingly grand and striking; though the architecture does not entirely correspond; for the front of the house is in the heavy ornamented style of King William's reign, and the wings, with a beautiful colonnade that joins them, are of a modern and light Grecian. The apartments within do not answer the external appearance, as I cannot remember one fine room except the drawing-room, in which there are several good pictures; in one of the wings there is a noble library, which will add much to the magnificence of the house when it is finished. Three pleasant miles on the sea shore brought us to the Queen's-ferry house; and soon after we drove into Lord Roseberry's park at Barnbugle, which covers a charming neck of undulating ground,

projecting into the bay, and adorned with much fine wood. The magnificent pile of Edinburgh castle soon became visible, and the country growing more inhabited and cultivated, indicated our approach to that metropolis.—The new town occupies the whole of a gentle rising ground on the north; and as we entered on that side, we were most agreeably surprised to find ourselves transported into the most regular and superb city that any country can boast: the streets all intersect each other at right angles, and the buildings are of the finest white stone, constructed in the most perfect uniformity. St. Andrew's square would vie with most of the London squares in extent, and exceed them in regularity: George-street, 115 feet wide, and of a vast length, leads into the centre of this square, in which are the assembly-rooms, St. Andrew's church, and a beautiful edifice with a rich Corinthian portico, intended for the physicians' hall. The superb building of the register-office, executed with all the elegance of a Grecian temple, fronts that stupendous and magnificent work which connects the old and new town, in the form of a bridge of three mighty stone arches, thrown over the deep valley between them. The old city is totally distinct from the new, both in position and appearance; and forms a striking contrast in the irregularity of its streets, and the singularity of its buildings.—It covers the steep ridge of a hill, sloping into a deep valley on each side, and extending for above a mile from the castle to the palace; so that every street partakes in some degree of the declivity. The High-street, which pervades the whole town, would exhibit the singularly lofty and antique

fronts of its houses to great advantage, were it not for several ranges of irregular buildings that obstruct its passage:—when they are removed, and the side avenues leading into it are somewhat widened and cleaned, the place will have every advantage it is capable of; but at present the access on all sides, except from the new town, is extremely crowded and disagreeable. To effect this, a new bridge is begun across the valley on the south side; and a square, with several handsome streets, are constructing in the suburbs in that quarter. Towards the upper part of the High-street stands a handsome modern building, containing the exchange and custom-house; and opposite, within a small close, is the parliament house; a noble room with an old oak ceiling, somewhat like that of Westminster hall. This city boasts two magnificent hospitals, one of which is a royal foundation; but the other, a grand quadrangle appropriated to the use of a charity-school, was built and endowed by one Herriot, a merchant, who followed James the First to England. The university alone seems neglected in the midst of the rising splendour of the place, and a miserable collection of mean and ruinous buildings disgrace that seminary which has produced some of the brightest luminaries of the age. Some time ago there was a hope that the neighbouring palace of Holyrood house, now languishing in a deserted state, would be presented by the crown to the university for a college, and thereby rescued from the decay to which it seems hastening. A grand old front towards the street, incloses a superb and regular quadrangle in the modern taste, containing many magnificent

apartments, and a long gallery, furnished with portraits of all the Scottish kings, as large as the life. Several of the Scotch nobility are entitled to rooms in this palace: in Lord Dunmore's is the famous Van Dyke of Charles the First and his queen preparing for the chace; and in the Duke of Hamilton's I saw the room in which David Rizzio was assassinated. The chapel of Holyrood abbey is in ruins; but some beautiful Gothic arches are yet standing, together with several fine monuments; and in a vault here I was shown the vast bones of Henry Darnley, and a perfect female skeleton of the Roxburgh family. The situation of this palace is low, being at the very bottom of the city; its park rising behind it is uncommonly wild and mountainous, and contains two huge hills, called Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.—But the glory and boast of Edinburgh is its castle, proudly occupying the summit of a vast rock, to which the town ascends, and commanding the country below from its inaccessible walls. It is now made use of as a garrison; and the modern system of fortification, however it may add to the security of the place, does not please the eye like the bastions and turrets of the ancients. The prospect from its highest point is incomparable, extending to the western Highlands on the left, and taking in the whole compass of the frith of Forth and its islands, with the sea in full front, bounded by the curving shore of Fifeshire. Immediately below, the new town displays its whitened fronts, drawn up in the regular array of an army; and beyond it, beneath a high hill on which the observatory is placed, Leith, the port of Edinburgh, stretches far

into the sea, crowded with a forest of masts, and enveloped in perpetual smoke. Towards the east the great city of Edinburgh descends into a dark and gloomy hollow, from which the prodigious rock of Arthur's Seat rises into the clouds, while the impending cliffs of Salisbury Crags frown over it like the battlements of a vast fortification. The sea appears distinctly beyond them all; and the lofty cone of North Berwick, ascending from a flat coast, terminates the prospect at a great distance. A wide extent of a hilly and cultivated country stretches far towards the south, except where the grassy and indented summits of the Pentland hills contract the view.

This description can but convey a faint outline of the singularly striking scene it pourtrays, where a great metropolis and a port, mountains, rocks, and valleys, barren as well as cultivated, together with a navigable river, and the sea itself, conspire to form an assemblage of objects, varying their shape and appearance with each casual gloom, and every glimpse of sunshine.

We made several excursions to see the Duke of Buccleugh's palace at Dalkeith, the Marquis of Lothian's seat at Newbattle, and Sir John Clarke's at Pennycuick. The two former are enriched with many fine paintings, principally Van Dykes; and in the latter, beside the natural beauties of the place, we admired the works of a modern Scotch painter, by the name of Runciman, who has adorned a hall dedicated to Ossian with a number of paintings adapted to that work: though they are certainly deficient in the finish and exquisite colouring of the greater

artists, we could not but be struck with the strength of expression and the boldness of design apparent in each of the scenes, which he has judiciously selected from the poem.

In our return from Pennycuick, we turned to the left to see the picturesque ruins of Roslin castle, impending over a deep and wooded glen, through which the Eske pursues its course. At the village above is the entire shell of a Gothic chapel belonging to the monastery of Roslin in high preservation; the pillars and arches of which are in the richest and most ornamented taste.

During our stay at Edinburgh we were excellently lodged at Walker's hotel in the new town, where no accommodation was wanting to render our stay agreeable; a luxury not a little acceptable to those who come from the interior parts of Scotland.

The observatory on Calton hill, with a delightful walk round it, in full view of the town on one side, and the coast on the other, lay on the right hand; and the botanic garden on the left, as we approached Leith, a crowded and ill built place, with a fine quay and a considerable pier. It being low water, we crossed the sands, and regained the Berwick road near Musselburgh; from whence we had a very fine ride, mostly upon the coast, to Haddington.—Here we found a considerable town, better built than most in Scotland; and below it almost the entire shell of a large cathedral, the chancel of which, according to the custom of the country, is converted into a parish church.

An excellent road, leading through a rich country, with several fine views both on the sea and land side, brought us to

Dunbar, a considerable port, opposite to which the Bass isle rises in the shape of a large cone from the sea. We continued on the coast, which grew bold and hilly; and passing by two well wooded seats of the Duke of Roxburgh and Sir John Hall, came to an extraordinary bridge, thrown across a deep wooded glen with great labour and ingenuity. The main pillar, which stands in the rivulet below, must be at least 80 feet high; and the rest of the work corresponds with it in magnificence. We now began to ascend the barren moor of Coldingham, and found the roads and the country decline sensibly as we approached the barriers of England. A rocky uneven way brought us within the invisible bounds of Berwick; and we quitted Scotland without knowing the exact limits of the kingdom.

On bidding farewell to this ancient and singular nation, I cannot but look back with pleasure upon the several sources of entertainment and instruction it afforded in our cursory passage through it. Inferior to its mighty neighbour in riches, ornament, and climate, it still exults in some of nature's choicest assemblages: its rocks and mountains rise in almost unrivalled magnificence; and its lakes expand their glassy bosoms over extensive vales, beneath the horrors of impending precipices. Neither is cultivation banished from the remotest regions; for in the midst of surrounding deserts, the traveller is often agreeably surprised to find a valley teeming with every luxuriance of waving crops, watered by gentle streams, and adorned with picturesque villages. The southern parts of this kingdom are still more productive; and few counties in England can exceed

the Lothians in fertility; nor may that country be called bare of wood, which exhibits groves like those of Athol, Taymouth, and Inveraray. Noble rivers and stately bridges are to be found in every district; nor can many cities in Europe contend with Edinburgh and Glasgow in magnificence.

It must be confessed, however, that the common people of Scotland are more than a century behind the English in improvement; and the manners of the Lowlanders in particular cannot fail to disgust a stranger. All the stories that are propagated of the filth and habitual dirtiness of this people are surpassed by the reality; and the squalid unwholesome appearance of their garb and countenances, is exceeded by the wretchedness that prevails within their houses. Their manners are equally unpleasant, being uncommunicative and forbidding in the extreme; and whole groups of villagers fly from the approach of a traveller, like the most untamed of savages. The scene is far otherwise on entering the Highlands; and where nature putting on her ruder dress intrenches herself in rocks, waters, and mountains, man seems to divest himself of his natural ferocity, and appears in a softer and more advantageous form.—The Highlanders, a manly, bold, and hardy race, are courteous in their manners, civil in their address, and hospitable to the utmost extent of their little power. Their houses it is true are mean and inconsiderable; but within they are often as clean as their poverty will allow; and their doors are never closed against the necessities or curiosity of a stranger.

This marked distinction between two races of inhabitants of

the same country is curious, and I believe quite unparalleled in any other nation; neither does it seem to wear off in the degree that might be expected in the common progress of improvement. Time, however, must in all probability effect it at last, as the intercourse with England becomes more extensive; and as commerce, which already spreads its wings over the principal towns of Scotland, diffuses its blessings more generally throughout the kingdom.

CHAP. VIII.

Berwick on Tweed—Entrance of England—Dreary Aspect of the Borders—Belford—Alnwick Castle, with the Drive to Brisley Tower and Hulne Abbey—Warkworth Castle and Hermitage—Morpeth—Newcastle—Tynemouth Castle—Durham Cathedral and Castle—Bishops Auckland—Raby Castle—Stainthorpe—Richmond.

BERWICK occupies an intermediate territory between the two kingdoms, and is possessed of a local jurisdiction. The town disappointed me much, being dirty, irregular, and ill built; but the town-house is a handsome structure, with a high spire, which made me mistake it at first for the church. Being a frontier town, it was thought proper to fortify it all round in the modern way; the only benefit arising from which is the walk made upon its ramparts. It is situated on a steep bank near the mouth of the Tweed, and appears to advantage when viewed from the opposite shore.—We crossed this river by a fine old bridge of 16 arches into Northumberland, where we re-entered

ENGLAND.

A traveller from the cultivated parts of Scotland cannot form any high idea of the great seat of the British empire from this

entrance into it, for the country on all sides is dreary and uninteresting; and a great want of wood, with the formality of new fences, shews its cultivation to be of very modern date. During the continuance of hostilities between the kingdoms, the borders were necessarily neglected; and afterwards the nature of the soil and country did not encourage much attempt to improvement, while the richer districts remained yet uncultivated.

The sea continued visible over a flat coast on our left; and at a small distance the high tower of Bamborough castle, the seat of Bishop Crewe's noble charity, projected on a steep rock far into the water. We passed through Belford, a small town, with a good house of Mr. Dixon adjacent to it; and the same unpleasant country continued till we ascended some high hills, and came at once in sight of Alnwick castle. This proud seat of the Percy family presents its lofty towers and embattled fronts with all the magnificence of a Gothic palace, and strongly inspires the idea of the ancient grandeur attendant on the heroes of romance and chivalry.—It stands on the brow of a hill above the river Alne, fronting the north; and immediately behind it is the town, crouching as it were beneath its bastions for protection against the Scotch invaders. The late Duke of Northumberland, after his marriage with the heiress of this noble family, rescued this mighty castle from the decay in which it mouldered, and restored it to more than its pristine splendour.—He repaired the surrounding towers, and added those

that were wanting in all the several courts that encircle the mansion with a minute exactness.—The citadel was a heap of ruins; but he rebuilt it entirely in its original form, and converted it into the most superb palace any country can boast; still observing the Gothic exterior in every compartment, and uniting it with all the magnificence of the modern. The approach is extremely grand through three noble gateways, and two spacious courts, entirely surrounded by the outworks into a third court, which appears immured within the citadel. A light and elegant staircase, spreading in the whimsical form of a fan, brought us into the grand range of apartments, which are wonderfully well contrived, considering the difficulty arising from the figure of the building, which is circular, with many projecting towers forming a variety of bows. The dining-room, drawing-room, saloon, and library, are truly noble rooms; and the style in which they are fitted up, together with that of their windows and chimneypieces, corresponds admirably with the structure. The almost pontifical blaze of ornament and gilding in the chapel at Alnwick, strikes very forcibly on the sight of any one who has lately been used to the slovenly simplicity of the Scotch kirks, and certainly may justly be censured for excess of ornament, though it forms a splendid appendage to the castle. The variety of colouring also in the decoration of most of the apartments is much too observable; and its rainbow-like appearance does not agree with the bold and plain magnificence of the structure. The ground is well disposed in front of this noble building, on each side of the Alne, which is crossed in

sight by two handsome bridges; but there is an apparent want of large timber, which is in a fair way to be supplied when the new plantations are sufficiently grown.—Not content with embellishing the environs of his place with them, the late duke has extended them over the whole country, and all the neighbouring hills are clothed with woods of his creation. On one of the highest he has erected a lofty building called Brisley tower, to command a very extensive prospect over a bleak and unpleasant country towards the Cheviot hills on one side, and the coast on the other. It is finished in a very high degree of elegance; but the following inscription in capitals, under the duke's medallion, savours too much of vanity.—

Circumspice:
Ego hæc omnia solus perfeci;
mei sunt ordines,
mea descriptio,
multæque istarum arborum
mea manu sunt satæ.

Nature, however, has eclipsed his grace's efforts in the vale below, which she has adorned with the thickest woods, and enriched with a course of charming meadows, through which the placid Alne directs its course. Embosomed in these venerable groves, the ivied ruins of Hulne abbey hang beautifully over the river, and render the solitude of the scene around more striking, from its contrast with the splendour of the neighbour-

ing castle. Several neat and well fancied apartments are judiciously mixed among the ruins, and seem calculated to afford a pleasing retreat to its noble owner, whenever he is disposed to resign his state for a while, and court an hour's retirement.—A narrow track, charmingly winding through a wild park-like ground, with frequent groves of forest trees interspersed on each side, conveyed us along the bank of the river, which we crossed by a convenient ford, and soon after found ourselves returned to Alnwick.

Proceeding southward, I deviated from the great road towards the coast, to visit the grand remains of Warkworth castle, on a steep mount near the mouth of the river Coquet. A great gateway, with several of the towers are yet standing ; and the citadel, which is nearly entire, is not unlike that of Alnwick, but much stronger. Most of the apartments are yet to be traced, and the situation is extremely striking, commanding an unbounded view of the sea, together with the wooded banks of the Coquet.—I descended to this river, and embarking in a small boat was rowed up the stream for a mile, between a range of thick groves, and landed at the celebrated hermitage of Warkworth. It is hewn out of a steep cliff, overhung with wood, and seems admirably suited for the residence of an anchoret. A few rude steps led me to the little chapel, carved in the rock, with an arched roof in the most exquisite Gothic taste; and near the altar at the end I saw a stone figure in a reclining posture. Two other small apartments are adjacent, and beneath is the hermit's cell, open to the river.

After a long ride I rejoined the great road at Morpeth, a considerable borough town, and soon after we arrived at Blagdon, the seat of Sir Matthew White Ridley, where we passed two days very agreeably. Being now almost on the spot of the great northern collieries, I made an excursion to visit Blythe and Seaton, where much of the coal is shipped from this part of the country; and in my return, after a fine ride over the sands, I passed by Seaton-Delaval, the seat of Lord Delaval, one of Sir John Vanburgh's heaviest structures. The country now became infinitely more cultivated; and after we had passed a large seat of Mr. Brandling on the left, a vast variety of neat habitations began to rise on each side of the road, and a volume of thick smoke surrounding us, indicated our approach to the busy town of Newcastle. The opulent air of successful commerce is visible through the whole of this great place, though the buildings are old and irregular, and many of the streets most inconveniently steep.—Improvement is making rapid strides in every quarter: a handsome street crossing the town is in great forwardness; fine houses are starting up all around; and a new passage to the bridge is meditated, to supersede the two old avenues, which are very narrow, and scarce accessible from their declivity. All the refinements of luxurious opulence are to be found here:—a magnificent set of assembly-rooms, a splendid theatre, and a row of baths that would contend with the Romans in elegance and convenience. The walls of this town, with several of its gates, are nearly perfect; and without them, is built a spacious and handsome infirmary. The quay extends

far along the banks of the river; and near it are the courts of justice, with a large mansion-house for the mayor.—But the principal object in Newcastle is its church of St. Nicholas, a fine old structure, with a high Gothic tower, above which a singular and well constructed steeple, with several corresponding pinnacles, springs from four light arches, meeting in one point with inconceivable elegance. A new church also is building in the modern taste, the spire of which will add much to the appearance of the town when finished.

We pursued the Tyne to its mouth, to see the rich remains of Tynemouth castle, on a steep cliff projecting into the sea, beneath which, at the entrance of the river, the opposite towns of North and South Shields lift their sooty heads, and contend with each other in their crowded ports, together with the dirt, contraction, and inconvenience of their streets. I could not leave this noble river without tracing it in its way towards Hexham, through a charming vale as far as Axwell park, where Sir Thomas Clavering has built a noble house in the finest situation in the country.

Returning to Newcastle, we crossed the Tyne by a handsome but plain modern bridge, and ascended with some difficulty through the steep, dirty, and narrow town of Gateshead, in the county of Durham, to the top of one of the highest hills in the country. A gradual descent brought us to the long and ill paved town of Chester-le-Street; opposite to which the lofty towers of Lumley castle rise among several fine groves, delightfully situated in the midst of an extensive park. The country now

soon began to grow charmingly verdant and romantic: the rich woods of Cocken descended on the left to the river Weir, covering the sides of a steep and curving bank; and the great pile of Durham cathedral, with its lofty towers, occupied the summit of a high hill in front. Nothing can be more striking and extraordinary than the situation of this city, which spreads over the top and sides of a huge peninsular mount, almost encircled by the Weir, over which it has three bridges, and long suburbs extending from each of them.—The streets of course are steep, narrow, and inconvenient, from the nature of their situation; and I never remember to have seen a town worse paved. When viewed from without, it presents a grand object on every side; and appears to peculiar advantage from a charming walk which follows the course of the river for some way under a thick wood. The houses of the dean and chapter surround a neat square on the south of the cathedral; and they seem to deserve more commendation than the generality of those communities, by the attention and expence which they are bestowing on that noble edifice. They are now putting it into a total repair; and are adding the deficient turrets with a taste and judgment that do them much credit. When the design is completed it will be a proud edifice without; and within, though it falls short of the elegance, symmetry, and size of its great neighbour of York, it makes a respectable figure among the other cathedrals of the kingdom. The pillars of the great aile are fine models of the solid Saxon, with a high lantern under the great tower; and the choir is Gothic, with stalls of dark old oak. The screen behind

the altar, said to be brought there from Caen in Normandy, is a light and elegant piece of stone work. On the north of the church is a large square, one side of which is occupied by the courts of justice, and another by the castle, which is the bishop's palace. It is approached by an old gateway, and surrounds a large quadrangle, one side of which is founded on a steep rock, descending to the river most abruptly. Within there are several fine rooms, and a spacious hall after the college fashion, with several of the arms and trophies of a prince palatine suspended; but the whole is in a very decayed and neglected condition. We passed our time very pleasantly here, at an excellent inn in the northern suburb, and were truly sorry, on leaving it, to part from a friend who had kindly attended us from Alnwick, directing our search to all the curiosities of the country, and enlivening our party with his society.

We soon reached the park of Bishops Auckland from Durham, and descended through a most romantic tract of ground to the palace, where the bishop enjoys a retirement well suited to the dignity of a prince palatine. The late bishop Trevor added several handsome rooms to the old castle; but I chiefly admired a large old apartment, 74 feet in length, and a fine Gothic chapel.

Raby castle was our next object, a grand pile, with a large and well wooded park, in the midst of a rich and cultivated vale. Lord Darlington is making great additions to the house, which do not exactly correspond with its structure; and intends enlarging the great hall which is at the top of the house to the

length of 150 feet. The approach is extremely singular, leading across the moat that surrounds the castle through a venerable gateway into a light Gothic hall, in the centre of the pile, through which the carriages pass, and make their exit at another gate without turning.—We passed a night at the neat town of Stainthorpe, immediately below Raby park; and had a view of Mr. Vane's pleasant seat at Sellaby, on the left, just before we crossed the Tees, a broad but shallow river, and entered Yorkshire. Many pleasant views over the broad vale of that county towards the distant hills of Cleveland intervened, before we reached the romantic valley of Swale dale, on the side of which Richmond is situated. The walls of its castle, with one lofty tower, form a striking object, covering two sides of a rocky hill in front of the town, round which the river Swale winds in a broad sweep, after rushing through an old bridge above. On the right, thick woods descend to the river from hills almost perpendicular; and Mr. Yorke's ornamented territory embellishes the opposite bank. On the left, the church and parsonage house, from a charming eminence, look directly down the vale; and follow the banks of the river, gliding through a range of verdant meadows, between sloping hills, enriched with pastures, and variegated with woods. The town chiefly consists of a handsome square, by way of market-place, with a high pillar in the centre, and several irregular streets, which suffer considerably from the declivity of their situation.

CHAP. IX.

Fine Descent into Wensley Dale—Bolton Castle—Askrigg—Mountain of Cam—Singular Curiosity of Weathercote's Cave at the Foot of Ingleborough—Ingleton—Settle—Beautiful District of Craven — Skipton — Keighley — Halifax — Blackstone Edge—Rochdale — Manchester — Barton Bridge, and the Duke of Bridgwater's Tunnel at Worsley—Northwyche—Forest of Delamere—Chester—Gressford and Wrexham Churches—Ellsmere —Shrewsbury—Banks of the Wye, near the Hay in South Wales—Return to Somersetshire.

A RUGGED ascent from the bridge of Richmond, and a long chain of dreary hills, brought us to the point of Scarthnick moor, where we broke at once upon the great view of Wensley dale, with the river Ure winding in many beautiful curves through a long tract of the richest meadows and villages, scattered every where around in the most picturesque forms.

The majestic ruin of Bolton castle, with a thick grove rising above it, fronted us during our long descent into the vale; and we passed under its walls in our way to Askrigg, a town sweetly situated on the banks of the river, at the upper end of Wensley dale.—There are several fine cascades in this neighbourhood, but the weather prevented our visiting them, and persecuted us

with great severity for many miles in our passage over the long and dreary mountain of Cam. We descended from thence into the great valley, from which the rocky head of Ingleborough rises with vast sublimity; and at the base of that huge mountain we found the singular curiosity of Weathercote's cave. Stepping from rock to rock, under a rude broken arch, with some difficulty I gained a view at length of a dark and hollow cavern, with a considerable stream rushing through an aperture in a huge black rock, and forming a perpendicular cataract of 120 feet: immediately after its fall it sinks into a dark hollow; and after pursuing its course some way under ground, rushes forth to light, and forms a small river.—The scene all around, though confined, is strikingly horrid; the ground being strewed with fragments of the rock, the broken arch seeming to totter over my head, and the chasm through which the light was admitted being overhung with wood, while the broad torrent rattled down the dark cliff in front, and deafened me with the noise.

An easy descent along the rocky base of Ingleborough brought us to the little village of Ingleton, from whence we might have enjoyed the reverse of the prospect we before admired in Lonsdale, but the skies were invidious, and covered the whole in a mist. The same ill fortune attended us in our ride to Settle, along the foot of the ridge of mountains; and we never could find it clear enough to discern the summits of Pennygant and Pendle, near which we passed. Settle is a small market-town, pleasantly situated in the district of Yorkshire

called Craven, which consists chiefly of a long and rich vale, intersected with rivers, and abounding in fine pastures, between ranges of the wildest moors, which separate it from the rest of the world. We passed through most part of it in our way to Skipton, which may be called its capital; a neat town, with one broad street, and an old castle at the upper end of it.—This is a seat of Lord Thanet, but seems entirely neglected; though it is in good repair, and the situation is extremely pleasant. The building is low but strong, with large round towers; and the gateway towards the town is a noble arch.

Nothing can be more rich and beautiful than the vale we pursued for some miles on the banks of the Aire, between the most pleasing inclosures and well wooded hills, with the moors peeping over behind them.—The ancient hall and groves of Hamblethorpe made a respectable figure on one of them, above the pleasant village of Kildwick; and the little town of Keighley appeared within an amphitheatre of high hills at the end of the vale.—Here we began to mount one of the barriers of this pleasing country; and after a very tedious ascent found ourselves on a dreary moor, over which we travelled for several miles, almost without a step of level ground, till we descended to Halifax, the Gothic tower of whose church seemed buried in the bosoms of the great hills that encircle it. The streets of this town are singularly irregular and inconvenient, wretchedly paved, and meanly built; they cover the side of a considerable descent to a little stream, from which the opposite hills rise uncommonly precipitous. This being the great seat of the clothing

manufacture in the north of England, the hall appropriated to the public market of the cloth is a splendid edifice, surrounding a large quadrangle, and containing 315 separate apartments. The country immediately round this town, and particularly the vale through which the Calder runs, is very beautiful and romantic; but beyond those limits every thing appears dreary, barren, and desolate.—We traced that river to its source, and ascended the dismal ridge of moors that bears the name of Blackstone Edge, dividing the counties of York and Lancaster. An extensive view over the latter opened from the summit, and amused us during a long descent to the neat village of Littleborough. A very bad road brought us with difficulty from thence to the dirty town of Rochdale: and the opulence of Manchester soon began to display itself in the great variety of villas that decorated the rich country through which we approached it.—Ocrington, a handsome place of Sir Ashton Lever, appeared in a fine situation on our left; and a very elegant and splendid seat of Lord Grey de Wilton rose beneath some venerable groves on the right. The access to Manchester through many winding and narrow streets is horribly crowded and disagreeable; and it happening to be market day, our difficulties were almost insuperable. At length we reached a noisy unpleasant inn, where we passed a night very wretchedly, in the midst of a scene of hubbub and confusion that might set Babel at defiance. —The commerce of this town is prodigious, and has lately extended the place far beyond its original limits, which are now consigned entirely to the meaner branches of the trade.—The

more opulent merchants have formed a new town towards the south, which is every day increasing in extent and magnificence; and many of their houses appear like palaces, with extensive ranges of offices and warehouses behind them. A noble area closes the whole, one side of which is occupied by a magnificent infirmary, with a spacious garden and canal in front. The situation of this place is remarkably convenient for trade, the country round it abounding in coals; and the river Irwell, together with the Duke of Bridgwater's canal, supplying every convenience of navigation. At Barton Bridge, a few miles from hence, I saw a singular spectacle, where the canal is carried over a noble arch above the river, in the Chester packet-boat passing above, at the same moment in which a barge in full sail came down the Irwell below. Near this place too is that remarkable tunnel in the rock at Worsley, which is conducted with so much ingenuity to the duke's several coal mines. I went as far as the two first pits in a boat, ferried by a true resemblance of Charon, through this terrestrial Acheron; but the damps prevailed so much, that my conductor prevented my penetrating further into these regions of sulphur and inflammability.

A long and sandy flat brought us from hence to Altringham; and leaving the rich groves of Dunham-Massey on the right, we crossed our former track within two miles of Knottsford, and proceeded through a well wooded vale to the dirty old town of Northwyche, upon the river Peever, which subsists on its neighbouring salt pits.

A rugged pavement conducted us to the leafless forest of

Delamere, where we waded through a long tract of sand, without any object to amuse us, till the summit of a hill exhibited a glorious prospect of the great vale of Cheshire, with the city of Chester rising at a distance out of the flat, and the mountains of North Wales far behind it. On the left, a ridge of high grounds from the bounds of Shropshire terminated in the high perpendicular rock of Beeston castle; and on the right, the eye was lost in a boundless plain, extending far in Lancashire.—Another ill paved road led us through this vale to Chester, one of the most ancient and singular cities in the kingdom. Like other frontier towns that were exposed to a restless and unquiet enemy, it is walled round: its walls happen to be entire, and its gates are repaired or rebuilt. Considerable suburbs occupy each of the avenues to this city, which is divided into four streets within the walls, where the houses consist principally of old timber buildings, with public footpaths extending along the second story of each, under piazzas, which are called "the Rows." This peculiar circumstance gives the town an uncommon though uniform appearance. The close occupies the space between the north and east gates, and surrounds the cathedral, a plain but majestic old building, with a chapter-house finished in the most exquisite Gothic taste.—A raised walk, admirably paved, is carried all round the walls, and over the several gates, commanding extensive views on all sides; and on the south-west angle the castle of Chester, now converted into a garrison, impends over the river Dee, whose broad channel flows half round the town, and hastens to increase the Irish sea with its waves.

Passing over a large old bridge, we soon entered a corner of North Wales, and came to the village of Gresford, famous for the light and elegant structure of its church, in the Gothic style. Shortly after we arrived at Wrexham, a large but dirty and ill-built town in Denbighshire, where we found another fine church with a lofty tower and four pinnacles, most richly ornamented in the improved taste of Henry the Seventh's reign; from thence a rich and fertile country soon brought us again to the banks of the Dee, winding through a range of delightful meadows beneath several sloping hills crowned with wood, and adorned with villages and gentlemen's seats. A venerable old bridge by which we entered Shropshire added much to this landscape, which continued displayed beneath us with a most pleasing variety of objects for several miles in our way to the little town of Ellesmere, near the small lake from which it takes its name. The country now became too flat to afford us much amusement, till we ascended a rough and sandy heath, and came in view of the picturesque spires and castle of Shrewsbury, which is beautifully situated on a peninsular mount almost surrounded by the Severn. There we entered a well known country, which we pursued through Ludlow and Kington, into a romantic corner of South Wales near the Hay, where the broad and transparent river Wye emerges from its native mountains, and approaches England through a rich and fertile vale.

Here we passed a week most agreeably in the society of some valuable friends, and I was conducted in the course of my rides to several points of view, that convinced me we need not have

gone so far as Scotland in search of the most striking beauties with which nature has adorned a country.

Passing from thence through Hereford, Glocester, and Bristol, we returned into Somersetshire, and there finished a prosperous tour of four months with great satisfaction.

SECOND TOUR

IN THE

EASTERN COUNTIES, AND NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

OF

SCOTLAND.

SECOND TOUR, &c.

CHAP. I.

Alnwick Castle in Northumberland—Whittingham—Woller—Cornhill—Entrance of Scotland—Coldstream Bridge over the Tweed—bleak and barren Face of the Frontier—Greenlaw—Lauder—Prospect from Soutra Hill—Blackshields—Dalkeith—Edinburgh—Queen's Ferry—Kinross—Falkland Palace—Cupar in Fife—St. Andrew's—its Cathedral, Monastery, Castle, and University—Improvement of the City, and modern Increase of its Commerce.

On the 5th of July we commenced this tour from London, and after passing through Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Durham, entered first upon a country unknown to me, in that part of Northumberland which extends towards the north-west from Alnwick. The princely castle of the Duke of Northumberland was well worthy of my making it a second visit; and we devoted a day with pleasure to the review of that noble place, the extensive prospect from Brisley Tower, and the sweetly sequestered retirement of Hulne abbey. A wild heath, and a very rugged road conveyed us from this charming territory to the little towns of Whittingham and Woller, the latter of which is situated on a wooded eminence immediately under the Cheviot hills. In so bare and dreary a country little

could occur worthy of observation, a dismal solitude environed us on every side, undistinguished by objects, and trees were almost unknown, except the small grove which encircled the hill of Woller. It may easily be imagined that a tract like this must be defective in population, the towns and villages being small, and very thinly scattered over the face of the country. Some appearance of cultivation displayed itself as we approached the banks of the Tweed, which rolls its impetuous stream between the two little towns of Cornhill and Coldstream, dividing there the sister kingdoms. The bridge by which we crossed this memorable river is a handsome modern structure, and the Scottish bank is adorned with several good houses and plantations. The general face of the country, however, after we entered Scotland, continued bleak and naked in spite of the successful efforts which have been made to fertilize it in the course of the present century, and many of the well planted inclosures of the territory surrounding a gentleman's seat, which the Scotch call policies, encompassing little better than a heap of mole-hills and thistles, appeared like a silver fringe encircling a stuff petticoat.

Lord Marchmont's place answers this description, which we took a fruitless and toilsome walk to see from the little town of Greenlaw, where the courts of justice for the county of Berwickshire are held; a decent kirk, and a tolerable opening, round which a set of mean houses were built, were the only points worthy of observation which we saw there. Indeed I have observed this arrangement in most of the Scotch towns,

which generally affect the importance of a square in preference to streets; a mode they may formerly have borrowed from the French. We now approached the range of the Limmermuir hills, and the traces of cultivation declined, except in the narrow vale through which the river Leader flows, close by the poor little borough of Lauder. We took some pains to see Thirleston castle, the old seat of the Lauderdale family, but were not able to gain admission as the earl was then there. Our loss, however, could not be great, as the house, a square old building with huge round towers at the corners, though not devoid of some traits of ancient magnificence, appeared wretchedly out of repair; the ground also all around within *the policy*, exhibited every symptom of neglect and misery.

After winding for some time between the hollows of the Limmermuir hills, we gained the summit of the highest of them by a laborious ascent, and passing a small course of heath, from the opposite brow of Soutra hill, enjoyed a magnificent and extensive prospect to recompense us for the dreary range of desert we had passed. The coast of Haddington and Berwickshires expanded in a fine curve from the conic hill of North Berwick, and the rock of the Bass island lay below us, confining the rich tract of the Lothians, which may vie with the finest territories of England in fertility. Innumerable towns, villages, and houses, distinguish this beautiful tract, and the noble rock on which Edinburgh castle exalts itself, fronted by the stupendous hill of Arthur's Seat, rises proudly in the midst of the level. The lofty mountains of Fifeshire form the opposite horn of the

bay, from the centre of which the great æstuary of the Frith of Forth divides the country, and seems to close in with the indented summits of the Pentland hills, which project forward into the vale, and form a noble barrier on the western side. With this fine prospect before us, we descended to Blackshields and the village of Falla, after which a succession of moderate hills shewing this prospect infinitely varied, brought us to Dalkeith, where the palace and its pleasant territory appeared to have received little alteration since I last saw it.

The case was far different in the great metropolis to which we were advancing, where I found a new creation on the southern parallel eminence, inferior only to that on the northern, with a bridge over its valley, covered with magnificent houses, and forming a noble street. A grander approach to a capital can hardly be conceived, passing by the elegant and spacious edifice of the new college, and leading through the centre of the old city by such a highly ornamented avenue, to the majestic pass of the north bridge, and the finely disposed streets and squares of the new town. Here also I found considerable improvement and increase of buildings, and even in the old city much is already accomplished, while greater alterations are meditated. When a few houses that project are rebuilt, and the rows which now obstruct the High-street are removed, it will vie in ancient magnificence with any street in Europe, and produce a fine effect by its contrast with the elegant and regular buildings which are every year springing up round it.

Having devoted a day to the interesting objects of this metro-

polis, we proceeded on our tour, and passing through an ornamented country, embellished with every variety of landscape, we reached the Frith of Forth at the Queen's Ferry. The prospect from the hill in Lord Roseberry's park at Barnbugle, and the grand display of scenery about Hopeton house, employed us for a few hours before we crossed the passage; from whence we proceeded by a hilly but not uninteresting road through Inverkeithing to Kinross, where I had a second opportunity of contemplating the ruins of Loch-Leven castle, in its lake, once the theatre of Queen Mary's captivity.

We took the eastern road from Kinross into Fifeshire, and passing through the little town of Straithmiglo came to Falkland, once graced with the residence of a court, but now languishing in a miserable state of obscurity. The ruined walls of its palace give a sufficient idea of its former splendour, and the chapel with some few of the apartments are yet entire. Here it was that James the Sixth received the news of his accession to the English throne with a transport that offended his Scottish subjects, and is still remembered with indignation by their descendants.

Falkland must have suffered severely by the change, and I should judge its decline to have been very rapid, from the beggarly appearance it now exhibits, scarce a decent house remaining in the place, and the inn being too wretched to be described. We left it with disgust, and pursued a rough unpleasant road, through a tolerably rich valley, which at length became enlivened by Lord Crawford's extensive plantations, till we crossed

the little river Eden, on our arrival at Cupar, the county town of Fife. Pleasantly situated in a valley, well watered, cultivated, and planted, Cupar appeared one of the neatest little towns we had seen in Scotland, its principal street being wide and well paved, and its inn admirable in every degree of accommodation.

We made our excursion from thence to visit the celebrated city and university of St. Andrew's, and soon reaching the coast, crossed the Eden by a long and marvelously narrow bridge near its mouth. An impenetrable fog prevented our forming any judgment of the many fine views this ride must present, and even denied us the power of enjoying the noble eminence on which St. Andrew's stands exalted, leaving it to fancy, or the description of others, to paint the great sea views, together with those of the rocky coast of Fifeshire on the right, and the extensive shore of Angus on the left, distinguished with numberless towns and villages. But it was not in the power of weather to hide from us the magnificent relicks of antiquity with which St. Andrew's is decorated, the much admired emblems of its pristine splendour. Of these the principal is the cathedral, the ruins of which mark it as much the finest I have seen in Scotland. The eastern end, with its two high pinnacles, is complete, and one turret of the west front yet remains, adorned with some curious carved work in a very peculiar style; but the pillars and some of the arches of the side aile, exhibit a specimen of the pure Gothic when it admitted very little ornament. The precinct of this church, which is very considerable, now

forms a common burial place to the town, and the mixture of ancient and modern monuments makes a very curious appearance: in the centre of the inclosure is a plain square tower of a very extraordinary height, totally different in its structure from the cathedral, and not unlike some of the relicks of Norman architecture which we have in England. I was at a loss to account for this building, when my conductor told me it was a church, many hundred years older than the cathedral, which bears the date of 1312, being built in the third century; this appearing to me somewhat incredible, I had the curiosity to make further inquiries of the principal of one of the colleges, who informed me it was certainly founded in the eighth century, and was esteemed the earliest Christian church in Scotland.

However this may be, it seems not to have been so obnoxious to Knox and his reformers as the cathedral, having outlived their depredations, and being still protected by some circumstances of veneration, which induce the inhabitants of St. Andrew's to keep it in constant repair.

The ruins of the monastery are adjoining to those of the cathedral, and both these religious buildings seem to have flourished and fallen together. Of the monastery little remains except the inclosing wall, which encircles a considerable area, and one single arch, the architecture of which is so much defaced as to render it scarcely distinguishable.

The remains of the castle next attracted our notice, of which there are still several mighty fragments occupying the summit of a high eminence overhanging the coast. Protected from the

town by a deep chasm, over which the drawbridge impended, and from the country by an impetuous sea foaming over a rocky bed, this castle was justly esteemed one of the strongest fortifications in the island. Cardinal Beatoun, in the zenith of his power and prosperity, chose it for his residence, and not content with its natural strength, omitted no effort of art to confirm and embellish it. His fate, however, proved the inability of the strongest fortress in so ferocious an age to protect an ambitious ruler against the rage of an exasperated and discontented people, for Norman Leslie, the ancestor of the present Leven family, actuated by some trifling disgust, entered the castle on the morning of the 29th of May, A. D. 1546, very early, when the workmen came to their labour, and at the head of only sixteen men, murdered the cardinal in the midst of his numerous retinue. Thus unexpectedly fell that intriguing and ambitious churchman, on whom the fate of the nation in great part depended, by a successful effort of private malice, in a castle able to resist the shock of armies, and in a country the inhabitants of which were entirely dependent on his will. His premature death, and the events which followed it, led to the downfall of the Catholic religion in Scotland, and with that religion the sacred edifices of St. Andrew's mouldered into ruins, its castle became neglected, and its city deserted. Of the four great parallel streets it formerly boasted only one now remains entire, one being totally lost, and the other two in a very decayed condition. In one of the deserted streets stands the edifice of the old college, dedicated to St. Salvator, and appropriated to the study of philo-

sophy. It is a melancholy irregular pile of building, of considerable extent, united with a large church which forms its chapel, like that of Merton at Oxford, and contains a fine old monument of Bishop Kennedy, who founded it in 1412. The interior of this college, though spacious, is gloomy in the extreme, consisting of two large old halls, and a range of apartments in rather a more modern taste, of which however only one side is finished. These apartments, though extremely small, contain each two students, who must be miserably straitened for room; beneath them is a small cloister, to which the several wretched schools where the professors read their lectures open. The hours for these lectures are 8, 10, 12, and 3, and the session commencing in October, ends in May. The professors in this college are nine in number, and the students one hundred, who all wear scarlet gowns, and are subject to very rigid regulations; few, however, who can afford to do otherwise reside in the college, and those of the superior order mostly lodge and board with the professors.

The college of St. Leonard is now converted into a private house, and its endowment is incorporated with that of St. Mary, which for the sake of distinction bears the name of the new college, and is situated near the middle of the principal street. It has a far more cheerful aspect than the old college, though it is considerably smaller, as it contains only thirty students in the line of divinity alone, with a principal, and five professors. I understood this to be much the best endowed of the two col-

leges, and indeed the superior air of neatness and accommodation denotes that circumstance sufficiently; here also is the library belonging to the whole university, a spacious and even elegant room, containing a large and valuable collection of books.

In this library I was shewn two curious maces, exquisitely carved in brass work, and in the audit room of the old college one still finer. The discovery of these maces was somewhat extraordinary, they being dug for under the great altar of the cathedral by the direction of an old man, who is said to have been in possession of many papers relating to the church and its environs. Six of these were found, one of which was presented to each of the three universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and the remaining three are kept at St. Andrew's. Animated by this discovery, the curious were pursuing their researches further by digging among the ruins, when the barons of the exchequer, to whom this right is said to belong, by a narrow-minded pride, or jealousy, arising from their not being consulted in time, restrained them; so that probably some ages will elapse before the entire removal of ancient prejudices may permit these curious remnants of antiquity to be properly explored. This being the time of vacation, I had no opportunity of seeing the students, but the politeness of Dr. Hill, the principal of the new college, to whom I had a recommendation, shewed us every thing to great advantage.

Amidst the melancholy but interesting remains of the former

splendour of St. Andrew's which I have here described, some few symptoms of returning prosperity have begun, within the last twenty years, to enliven the state of desolation and decay in which this unfortunate city has so long languished. Commerce seems at length to have visited its walls, which situated on a bold and open coast are well suited to receive that blessing, and her attendant train of opulence and plenty begin slowly to dispel the gloom of poverty and idleness. A handsome pier incloses a neat little harbour for the admission of ships of all nations, whose streamers, the emblems of the present prosperity of St. Andrew's, float proudly beneath the venerable fragments of its ancient grandeur, marking by their contrast the distinct sources of consequence in two different ages. Already are its happy effects beginning to shew themselves; new houses starting up in every quarter, the incumbrances of old buildings being removed, and the principal street new paved in a very handsome manner. These improvements provide better for the accommodation of the university, which having survived the dark ages of neglect and superstition, cannot fail to flourish on a spot so eminently qualified for academical pursuits, both from its retired situation, the healthiness of the eminence, and the beautiful prospects it commands. The university in its turn will add a dignity and consequence to the increasing prosperity of the city, till the modern grandeur of St. Andrew's, rising like a phœnix from the ashes of its predecessor, rivals if not eclipses its former glory. Hardly satisfied with the partial view our

limited time and the obstinate asperity of the weather allowed us to take of these interesting objects, we repassed the ancient gateway which forms a suitable entrance to so monastic a city, and retraced our steps to Cupar.

CHAP. II.

Return to Cupar—fine Descent into the Vale of Straith-Earn—noble Prospect from the Hill of Moncrieff—Perth—Castle Dupplin—Frith of Tay—Castle Lion—Dundee—Mouth of the Tay, and its Bay—Aberbrothick, and its Abbey—charming View from Meriton Hill—singular Approach to Montrose—Kinnaird—Brechine Castle, Church, and round Tower—North Eske Bridge—Lawrence-Kirk Village—extraordinary Character of Lord Gardenstone—his Institution of an Album, in Imitation of those on the Continent, and a Public Library—Elegy Inscribed to his Memory.

A LONG and winding ascent brought us to the summit of the Ochill hills, and we took a parting view behind of the valley of Fifeshire, as the grander display of the Frith of Tay, extending to Dundee and the sea, with the bold boundaries of the rich vale of Straith-Earn opened before us. We descended to the Tay at the poor town of Newburgh, and pursued a rough track, abounding in beautiful objects, to the conflux of that river with the Earn. We followed the vale formed by the latter, at no great distance from its banks, and found the passage through that rich district somewhat unpleasant, being absolutely buried between innumerable corn fields and a great variety of rising plantations. At length we joined the great

road from Edinburgh to Perth, about four miles from the latter city, at the bridge of Earn, where we got a tolerable dinner in a modern house belonging to the inn, and commanding a tranquil view of the Earn winding through its thick inclosures beneath the Ochill hills to join the Tay. Ascending the hill of Moncrieff, we commanded the whole of the Straith-Earn, with its well marked boundaries, while the groves and rising plantations of Castle Dupplin covered every eminence on the left, and in front the rock of Kinnoul, not unlike that of St. Vincent near Bristol, overhung the proud stream of the Tay. This mighty river appeared here to great advantage, issuing from beneath the grand bridge of Perth, and sweeping with a bold curve under the hill of Moncrieff, which forms a noble barrier between the Tay and the Earn. Here it was that the Roman legions, when advancing to Perth, struck with the grandeur of the prospect, made a sudden halt, and regarding the Tay with admiration, cried, " Ecce Tyberim." The large and handsome town of Perth, with its well planted environs, forms another feature in the landscape, and behind it a considerable plain extends in sight to the foot of the Highland mountains, whose lofty sides and pointed summits bound the scene with great dignity at a considerable distance. We devoted a day to Perth, which I found much improved since I last saw it, and made an excursion from thence to Castle Dupplin, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul. Its plantations cover the whole face of the country towards the west, and every object around it raises the expectations of a stranger: mine I confess were disappointed when I came to

the house itself, which instead of an ancient castle, exhibited a plain and rather heavy modern building, so situated beneath a rushy and ill kept lawn as to command the fine view of the Straith-Earn very partially. It contains however many good apartments, with a large collection of family pictures, in which the portrait of the Countess of Desmond by Rembrandt is most distinguishable.

We took the Dundee road from Perth, and passing immediately under the rock of Kinnoul, soon came to the junction of the two rivers, following the same vale we had descended into from Cupar. The views at first were fine, till we lost sight of the Tay, when a broad uninteresting level encircled us with very little variation of prospect for many miles, through which an admirable road conveyed us towards the coast, beneath several plantations and gentlemen's houses. At length the great æstuary of the Frith of Tay appeared in view, covered with vessels beneath Castle Lion, the noble seat of Mr. Patterson, which is laid out with more taste and better keeping than any place we had yet visited in Scotland. Our road now advanced towards the water as the vale contracted, and the opposite hills of Fifeshire diminishing in height as they approached the coast, circumscribed the Frith of Tay to the breadth of three miles, opposite to the port of Dundee, where the ferry is established from Woodhaven, while it expanded in sight behind us from the eminence on which we passed, to the width of not less than seven miles, bearing the appearance of a beautiful bason

bounded at a considerable distance by the Ochill hills, the rock of Kinnoul, and the hill of Moncrieff.

The many ornamented houses which we passed on our way to Dundee, its great cluster of buildings, and the handsome tower and spires of its churches, raised our expectations of that town very high as we approached it, while the area of the market-place, adorned with an elegant town-house and assembly room, seemed likely to answer them. We found it however, in spite of its beautiful situation, an irregular and unpleasant place, in which all the ill smells in the universe seemed contending for a superiority; while its inhabitants, unusually coarse both in their manners and figures, were strangely huddled together in every street, conveying an appearance of unbounded population greatly exceeding that of our most crowded English towns. Our inn partook amply of these inconveniences as well as of the dirt peculiar to the place, and we were happy in making our escape from it, once more to breathe a purer air.

Still pursuing the coast with a variety of fine views, we looked down upon the mouth of the Tay, with the ruins of Broughty castle, which once commanded the entrance of this noble river, and at a distance distinguished a high lighthouse built on a rock in the centre of the bay, about twenty miles from the shore. On the opposite coast of Fifeshire the view became very extensive as we receded from the hills which encompass the Tay, and in clear weather the towers of St. Andrew's are distinguishable across the bay from the level shore on which we approached

Aberbrothick, or Arbroath as the Scotch call it. We found there a quiet inn, a neat town, with a tolerable little harbour, and the noble ruins of a monastery founded early in the thirteenth century by William the Lion, King of Scotland, and dedicated to Thomas a Becket, who was then become a saint.

The new turnpike roads being no further finished, we pursued for some time an arduous and rather rugged way, passing over some hills adjoining to the coast, with several good sea views, till at length the descent to Meriton opened a fine display of the bason formed by the South Eske as it approaches the town of Montrose. To avoid the ferry, we were obliged to make a circuit of near seven miles round this expanse of water by the village and bridge of old Montrose, and were charmed with the singularity of the prospects our ride presented. The Grampian mountains lay full in sight before us towards the west, finely indented, and rising in a variety of bold summits. A rich and fertile vale extended to the foot of these great boundaries, thickly interspersed with hills and plantations, in the centre of which the picturesque spires of Brechine, with its castle, marked the course of the South Eske, which emerging from the mountains, pursued a winding direction through the vale, frequently ravaging it with its inundations. Various seats adorn the eminences on each side above this great river, which is crossed by a stately bridge of seven arches, just before it forms the expanse of water I have already mentioned; after which it again contracts itself into a narrow channel under the walls of Montrose before it falls into the sea. Across this bason Montrose

forms a very singular point of view, appearing to cover entirely the narrow slip of land between the two great waters, and admitting a prospect of the sea above it, so as to constitute almost a miniature of Venice rising from the bosom of the Adriatic.

We found at this town a welcome reception with the very amiable family of Lady Carnegiè, and during our short stay passed a pleasant day at Kinnaird, the neighbouring seat of Sir David Carnegiè, where splendour and hospitality appeared happily united. Lineally descended from the attainted Earl of South Eske, the father of the present Sir David repurchased the family estates, and his successor has made great progress in embellishing them with a considerable degree of taste and elegance. The house, which he has nearly rebuilt, is a magnificent pile, in the castle fashion, with five high towers, and contains within a range of apartments which for grandeur and convenience will yield to none in Scotland; the plantations are yet young, but they already begin to cover the face of the country, and the outline of the place seems to be well marked out, commanding various views of the banks of the South Eske, the spires of Brechine appearing to rise immediately beneath the Grampian hills, and the town of Montrose with its bason. We took a survey of Montrose before we left it, under the auspices of our kind conductresses, and admired the width of its principal street, with the neatness of the houses occupying the eminence towards the south above the great bason. The situation and access will be much improved when the bridge now constructing over the channel between the bason and the sea is completed, which will remove

the disadvantage of an inconvenient ferry, and open the communication with a new turnpike road, now nearly finished, from Aberbrothick. The public buildings of Montrose are a handsome church and town-house, together with a neat English chapel; its port is not inconsiderable, but it did not appear to be well frequented.

It was with regret that we took leave of our friends at this place, who had contributed so much to make our stay pleasant, and pursued our road to Brechine, a small town situated in a very romantic position on an eminence, from whence it descends rapidly to the South Eske, which is here crossed by a handsome bridge. The principal street, though inconveniently and even dangerously steep, is wide and not ill built, and the whole town is situated on a variety of hollows shelving down to the river. The castle, a large modernized structure, which formed part of the extensive property of the late Earl of Panmure, stands on one of these eminences, and from its terrace commands a fine view of the South Eske, the bridge of Brechine, and the plantations of Kinnaird; on another rise, divided from the former by a deep dell, is placed the church, greatly curtailed of its former extent, and laid out, as most of the Scotch kirks are, in an almost inexplicable labyrinth of pews. The ruins of its chancel denote something of its former grandeur, and its spire still forms a striking object to the adjacent country. Closely adjoining to this spire, but yet sufficiently distinct to admit the light between the two buildings, arises one of those lofty and taper round towers, which some antiquarians have adjudged to

be of Pictish origin. I had before seen one of these curious structures at Abernathy in the vale of Straith-Earn, and am at a loss to form any adequate idea of their use; for the very small bells they are now loaded with neither give a sufficient reason for their size or their height, and they are unlike any ecclesiastical buildings we have in England. Their reputed origin may be much disputed, as they are said to have been found very frequently in the northern parts of Scotland, as well as in Ireland, where the Picts were equally unknown; yet they cannot fail to strike every observer as singular and very perfect remnants of antiquity.

Soon after we left Brechine we crossed the North Eske by a handsome old bridge, and quitting the county of Angus, which we had traversed from Dundee, entered that of Mearns, or Kincardine. Our road lay for a long time within sight of the Grampian hills, several of whose passes were distinctly visible on the left, as we approached the little ornamented village of Lawrence-kirk. The taste and liberality of the late Lord Gardenstone have decorated this spot in a manner very unusual in Scotland, neatness appearing to be its prevailing character, and even elegance being in some respects studied. Not content with employing those leisure hours, which the high station he held in a laborious profession allowed him, in adorning his patrimonial territory, this nobleman extended his cares over all the poorer order of people, and shone most as the patron of industry and virtue. Renouncing all those oppressive and invidious privileges which still exist as relicks of the feudal system in

Scotland he sat a noble example to the great landholders in his neighbourhood, and obtained a just portion of admiration and applause, without meanly courting the public favour, or seeking adulation from sycophants. Inflexibly severe in holding the balance of justice, he restrained transgressions by his authority, and prevented the temptation to commit them, by the judicious liberality with which he encouraged industry, and established various manufactures within his extensive domain. The village of Lawrence-Kirk owes its existence and prosperity to these active virtues, being entirely rebuilt by his munificence, together with a handsome chapel and an excellent inn. To the latter he has added the singular appendage of an elegant building in the form of a temple, fitted up with a library, and containing a good collection of books, together with a well chosen repository of natural curiosities. Among these funds of entertainment so liberally provided for travellers, I found the institution of an album for fugitive pieces of poetry, in imitation of those established at several places on the Continent. The verses in general were not very good, but the singularity of the design in so remote a part of the country was striking, and I could not resist the desire of adding the following tribute to the memory of its late noble patron, who died about three weeks before we came there, lamenting at the same time that his virtues could not render him immortal.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GARDENSTONE.

Where empty grandeur seeks a pompous grave,
And scutcheon'd pride adorns the trophied hearse,
In solemn order plumes are taught to wave,
And venal bards diffuse the hireling verse.

Far other rites, in nature's rude array,
To thee, O letter'd Gardenstone, belong;
To thee a stranger tunes the sadd'ning lay,
While all Kincardine joins the mournful song.

Patron of arts, of industry the friend,
The busy loom advanc'd at thy command,
Fair Peace was bade her blessings to extend,
And smiling Plenty deck'd this rescued land.

Where naked heaths in desert aspect frown'd,
Now with each vernal flow'r the garden glows;
While at thy call the peasants rang'd around,
And in gay form the new-built village rose.

What though, obedient to stern nature's call,
Thy sinking frame obey'd the gen'ral doom!

Ne'er shall oblivion all thy works enthrall,
Such active virtues soar beyond the tomb.

Revolving years in time's increase shall show
Thy gen'rous plans adorn'd with just success;
With grateful ardour future bards shall glow,
And rising swains their patron's bounty bless.

H. S.

CHAP. III.

Stonehaven—Ruins of Dunotter Castle—Fine Opening to the Vale of the Dee and its grand Bridge—Aberdeen—its Port, its Public Walk, its Colleges, and the general State of its University—Old Aberdeen—Bridge of Don—Ellon—wretched State of the eastern Peninsula—neat Town and pleasing Situation of Peterhead—Excursion to the Buller of Buchan, and Slanes Castle—Old Deer—New-Bythe—Banff—Duff House and Park——Portsoy—Cullen Town and Park—Fochabers—Gordon Castle.

A ROUGH road over a coarse sort of downs, here and there interspersed with patches of cultivation, brought us to the little town of Stonehaven, in a cleft of the coast beneath the noble ruin of Dunotter castle. This proud pile was once the seat of the Earls of Marishall of Scotland, and seems to have been highly ornamented in successive ages by its several owners. Its situation is singularly commanding, covering the summit of a bold projecting cliff, and united by a drawbridge with the main land. Several bastions and fragments of great antiquity surround all the shelving rocks which encompass the castle, the central parts of which are evidently of a more modern and ornamented structure. The whole, however, has equally fallen

into decay, and the difference of architecture alone marks the æra of its several buildings ; its noble possessors also have sunk into oblivion by the lapse of time, and few of them remain recorded in the page of history.

This castle appeared to great advantage across the bay of Stonehaven, from the high hill we ascended on leaving that town; after which the road grew insufferably rough, hilly, and stony, till we approached the banks of the Dee, about three miles before we reached Aberdeen. The evening was so far advanced that we had scarcely light sufficient to distinguish the noble prospect which now opened itself, of an extensive vale through which the Dee poured its broad and rapid stream towards the sea, big with a thousand torrents from the sides of the Grampian hills, in the inmost recesses of which it derives its source. In the centre of this vale that great river is crossed at right angles by a stately bridge of seven large circular arches; on the right hand the sea, and on the left some of the summits of the Grampians are visible, while the great city of Aberdeen with its two picturesque spires covers the opposite eminence near the mouth of the Dee. With the interior of this celebrated place I was somewhat disappointed, having formed an idea from its similarity in point of trade, and being also the seat of an university, that it would bear some comparison with Glasgow. It fell woefully short of my expectation in every respect, its streets being for the most part steep, narrow, and winding, and both the trade and extent of the city, though considerable,

yielding to the greatly superior magnificence of its proud rival in the west of Scotland.

The principal opening in the centre of the town, which bears the name of Castle-street, may boast some little degree of grandeur, being decorated with a large building, from which a high spire rises to distinguish the town-house on one side of the gateway, and a spacious inn on the other. Another handsome but unfinished street leads to the port on the river Dee, which appears to be extensive, well laid out, and sufficiently filled with shipping. The castle is so entirely destroyed that I could not even observe any traces of its ruins, but the hill on which it stood forms a delightful walk for the inhabitants of Aberdeen, which is continued through the level formed in the hollow between the city and some picturesque green hills overlooking the coast, which bear the title of " the Links." The prospect from this spot is uncommonly beautiful, commanding both Old and New Aberdeen, the æstuaries of the rivers Dee and Don, the sea, the Grampian hills, and a vale enriched with the most abundant fertility. The church of Aberdeen, like most in Scotland, has nothing but its spire to distinguish it, and the Marishall college in this town, which was founded in 1593, is a wretched, ill contrived, old building. The King's college at Old Aberdeen is a more considerable pile, approached by a grand gateway, over which a very singular kind of tower rises, terminating in arches imitating the regal crown of Scotland. Within it contains a quadrangle, one side of which is occupied

by the hall, and a range of apartments for the students constructed over piazzas, and the other by the library and chapel, which are both spacious rooms, ornamented with some curious carved work: in the library also there is a large and valuable collection of books. An air of desolation and neglect, almost approaching to a state of ruin, seemed to pervade the whole of the two colleges at Aberdeen, as well as those of St. Andrew's; and without being accused of too much partiality, I may venture to observe the striking difference our English universities exhibit both in respect of grandeur, neatness, and accommodation. This difference, however, is I believe principally external, for I understand the academical part of the institution is in high vigour, and the talents of the professors very respectable. The session begins here on the first of November, and ends on the first of April; the students inhabit the King's college, but those of the Marishall college live mostly in the town; they all wear red gowns as at St. Andrew's, to distinguish their dress from the professors, which is black.

The old city of Aberdeen, respectable for its great antiquity, being said to be founded by Gregory the Great in the ninth century, has shrunk into a very insignificant town, as the increase of commerce and opulence enlarged the limits of its modern neighbour, which is scarcely a mile distant, and much better situated to command those advantages. The ruins of the cathedral, now reduced to two small spires and one aile, which forms the present kirk, together with the King's college, constitute all that is memorable at this place; its pleasant situation

is much to be admired, near the romantic banks of the river Don, abounding in rocks, and beautifully fringed with wood.

We crossed this river by a remarkable bridge of one fine sharply pointed Gothic arch, thrown across the high rocks that bound it, and soon came to a bleak and unpleasant moor, over which one of the most rugged and laborious roads I ever travelled conveyed us with great difficulty to the little wretched town of Ellon, close to a tolerable old seat of Lord Aberdeen. Nothing can be imagined more desolate and dreary than this peninsula of the eastern coast of Scotland, which we crossed in several directions; a miserable sameness of view pervading the whole, and the general sterility being little enlivened by a few irregular patches of cultivation and clusters of mud-built cottages. Add to this the severity of the weather which pursued us, the extreme badness of the roads, and the total absence of wood, scarcely a tree or even a hedge being visible for many miles together, and you will justly conclude that this miserable district can hardly be preferable to a Siberian desert. At length we were somewhat enlivened by the view of the little town of Peterhead with its neat spire and well built houses, stretching out from the most eastern point of land into the sea, on which it forms two opposite bays, and encompassed by a bold and rocky coast. I can hardly describe the degree of surprise it creates to see, in a spot so difficult of access, and at the extremity of so rude and inhospitable a wild, a place well ornamented both by art and nature, and filled during the summer months of the year with inhabitants of a superior order. A medical spring, together

with the advantage of a coast favourable to sea-bathing, must in part account for this; and to the commercial opulence of the town, which is provided with two little ports, and lies directly opposite to the shore of Norway, the rest must be attributed.

We found the place considerably thronged with company of various descriptions, but altogether Scotch, who were pursuing, in the miniature of imitation, those amusements which are followed at our English watering places. The accommodation was superior to what I could expect in so remote a spot, and a spirit of neatness and civility prevailing throughout, formed a strong contrast to the general dirtiness of the towns of Scotland, and the coarseness of their inhabitants.

We made an excursion from hence to see the Buller of Buchan and Slanes castle, the only objects worthy of observation in this miserable part of the country. The former of these amply repaid our curiosity, and the labour we went through to visit it by a road scarcely practicable. It lies about six miles to the south of Peterhead, where the coast forms itself into a horrid variety of impending cliffs and deep indented chasms in the black rocks that surround it. Of these the Buller of Buchan is the principal, being a huge perpendicular aperture, near 200 yards in circumference, and as much in depth, with a natural arch of great height opening to the sea, through which the waves precipitate themselves in stormy weather with indescribable fury. In calmer seasons boats may pass and repass through the arch with safety, and this is said to be the best way of seeing it; but the day not being favourable for that purpose, we were

content with looking down from the path encircling it, which is in some places so narrow as to be scarcely safe to those whose heads are apt to be affected by precipices. Buchan is the name of the district contiguous to this wonderful chasm, which Mr. Pennant judges to have obtained the name of the Buller from the French word *bouilloir*, signifying its similarity to an immense boiler. The country people still call it "the Pot," which favours this etymology, and Dr. Johnson, who visited it in his way to the Hebrides, agrees in the same idea, describing it also as a proper spot, in the times of superstition, to confine a perturbed spirit in, instead of laying it in the Red sea. About a mile from thence, most extraordinarily elevated on a high craggy cliff, stands Slanes castle, the seat of the Earl of Errol, inaccessible but by the narrow neck of land over which it is approached, and so near the point of the rock that not even a foot path can go round it. I should think this the properest spot in the universe for a superannuated seaman to contemplate the dangers of the element he has formerly lived upon, where the eye traverses in almost every direction the measureless wild of the northern sea, whose waves are eternally dashing against the foot of the rock, and in storms have been known to drive their spray as high as the castle itself. A tempest must appear here in the utmost display of its terrific grandeur, and Dr. Johnson observes, "that if storms must happen, he would wish to view them from Slanes castle." The house is large, and more modern than I expected, being cased with brick, and built on low piazzas within, surrounding a quadrangle: its architecture

is mean and irregular, though there are some good apartments oddly disposed. The present earl, who has succeeded to it after the neglect consequent upon a long minority, is now busied in making great repairs and improvements, which many may deem a wild and unnecessary undertaking. Something however, in this country at least, may be allowed to the pride of ancestry, and perhaps a man may be impressed with a very pardonable degree of vanity, in choosing to boast of a residence on the strangest exposure it ever entered into mortal head to inhabit, in the midst of a barbarous country, and approached by roads nearly impervious.

After two days not unpleasantly passed at Peterhead, we deserted the coast for a while, crossing this deplorable peninsula of the eastern extremity of Scotland in a direction from east to west. The same dreary uniformity we before complained of still continued to envelop us; but the road became somewhat better, though frequently very difficult to be discovered, from the variety of parallel tracks which every where prevailed. In so ill inhabited a country it was also very difficult to obtain information, the Scotch having a rooted aversion to directing posts; and most among the few persons we met were either ignorant themselves, or ill disposed to instruct strangers, which often involved us in a perplexing dilemma. Surmounting at length these difficulties, we passed the miserable towns of Old Deer and New-Bythe, famous for nothing but the wretchedness of their accommodation, and descended again to the coast as we

approached Banff, the capital of its county, and one of the principal places in the north of Scotland.

This town, being better built and paved than any we had seen lately, covers the side of a hill fronting the east, with several broad streets on parallel terraces, and is united with the opposite shore of the river Deveron near its mouth by a noble modern bridge of seven arches. The port, though protected by a handsome pier, is inconsiderable, on account of the shifting sands of the Deveron; but there is an air of neatness and industry about the place which is not very usual in this country. Near the centre of the town, elevated on one of its terraces, stands a handsome mansion-house, surrounded by a large well planted garden, and built on the site of the ancient castle. This seat forms a jointure house of the Finlater family, and commands a fine view of the bay, with the opposite fishing town of Macduff, together with some noble cliffs projecting into the sea beyond the port of Doun. Duff house, the grand seat of the Earl of Fife, is situated immediately below Banff, and forms its principal ornament, with a great variety of pleasant walks and drives through the extensive plantations that surround it, and fringe the rocky banks of the Deveron, over which a noble bridge of one arch is thrown from two impending cliffs. The mansion itself is a heavy but magnificent pile, with four square towers at the corners, not unlike the buildings of Sir John Vanbrugh, but apparently defective in proportion for want of its wings, instead of which a wretched set of low out-houses disfigure the lawn,

and disgrace the grandeur of the place. Its situation also is ill chosen, being too flat and remote from the finer points of view; but it contains several great apartments, adorned with a large collection of good portraits, principally of the royal families of England and Scotland for several centuries.

At Banff we passed a convivial day with two of our English friends, who being upon a similar tour with our own, crossed there upon our route, coming last from Inverness, and intending to retrace our steps to Peterhead and Aberdeen. The weather which had long been unfavourable became now deplorably bad, and we parted unwillingly in a hard driving rain to pursue our several journies. Our road was extremely hilly, but not bad, and conducted us through Portsoy to Cullen, with several fine views of the coast, which the incessant storms that fell prevented our seeing to advantage. A greater disappointment befell us in being deprived of the power of seeing Lord Finlater's place at Cullen by the same cause, which confined us to the inn during the whole of our stay at that wretched town. We contrived, however, to pass over the fine arch he has thrown across a deep glen in our carriage, and drive through some of his extensive plantations in our way to Fochabers, to which place the weather pursued us with unabated rigour. Long before we reached the town we became enveloped in the Duke of Gordon's well planted territory, which covers all the hills surrounding his noble seat of Gordon castle. This may truly be called a princely residence, the structure being modernized with success, and almost entirely new fronted, in a uniform and very handsome taste,

still preserving the Gothic ornaments, with the exterior of a castle. The grand front is of a prodigious extent, and its apartments, which are large, splendidly fitted up, and well connected by passages, stretch out through the whole of the building and its two long ranges of offices.

The situation of this palace somewhat surprised me, being almost buried in the level of a flat and ill kept lawn, surrounded by its thick plantations, and not even commanding a view of the Spey, though perpetually subject to its inundations. The ragged town of Fochabers is also too close a neighbour to Castle Gordon, though fenced out with as much care and address as could be employed, the only visible approach to the place being through a very elegant Gothic gateway, lately erected below the town.

CHAP. IV.

Inconvenient Ferry over the Spey—Elgin City and Cathedral—Kinloss Abbey—Priory of Pluiscardine—celebrated Heath near Fores—beautiful Situation of Fores—Tarnaway Forest and Castle—grand Display of the northern Bay of Scotland—King Sueno's Pillar—Passage of the Findhorn—extraordinary Influx of Sand—Nairn—Calder Castle—Fort George—grand and beautiful Approach to Inverness—Town of Inverness, and fine View from its Castle—Expedition to the Forts Augustus and William—charming Approach to Loch-Ness—Castle Urquahart—the General's Hut—the Falls of Fiers—vast Mountains near the Head of Loch-Ness—striking Descent to Fort Augustus.

A WET morning made our ferrying over the rapid river Spey doubly inconvenient, and gave us reason to lament that the liberal subscriptions which were proposed last year for erecting bridges over this and the other rivers of this country, have failed by the sudden disastrous turn of public affairs. The boat, however, was neither bad nor ill conducted, and on the opposite bank of the river we entered the county of Murray, in which we found little to interest us, or alleviate the rugged texture of the road, till we approached the once magnificent city of Elgin,

now reduced to a paltry town, and a heap of monastic ruins. The walls of its cathedral display an ample proof of its former grandeur, being more perfect, as well as much more considerable, than those of any other church in this part of Scotland. The two high towers, with a very ornamented gateway of the west front, are almost entire, but the centre is totally demolished by the fall of the great spire, and presents little else than a mass of fragments; beyond this the pillars and arches of the choir are nearly perfect, and the east window exhibits a specimen of the pointed Gothic, not unlike that of Salisbury cathedral; but ornamented throughout with a narrow bead of light fret-work, which produces a very happy effect. The chapter-house by some accident has escaped both the depredations of time and the rage of reformation, and presents the figure of a handsome octagon, supported by a single pillar. Adjoining to the ruins of the church are those of the bishop's palace, who had another grand residence on the neighbouring lake of Spiniè, the remains of which are also still to be seen.

The abbey of Kinloss and the priory of Pluiscardine flourished likewise in this vicinage, and fell together with the religion that supported them; some elegant fragments, however, still denote their pristine splendour, and together with the greater ruins of Elgin, are yet permitted to stand as monuments of the different species of zealous enthusiasm, which in successive ages created and destroyed them.

We left the dismal prospect of a declining city, with a ruined church, not without some melancholy sensations; and fording

the little rapid river Lossiè, proceeded over the blasted heath on which Macbeth, encountering the weird sisters, is supposed to have received the fatal prophecy. A better spot could no where have been chosen for the horrors of enchantment, and the aptness of the scene concurring with the classic descriptions our memories presented, awakened every dormant spark of imagination, and endowed the place with all the holiness of literary veneration.

The solitude, however, that should render these ideas perfect was wanting, for the road was crowded with Highland lads and lasses in their best array, returning from the fair of Fores; some of the last, indeed, seemed to deal in a species of witchcraft very different from that celebrated by our immortal bard. The same circumstance which enlivened our road not unpleasantly, had a less agreeable effect on our accommodation at Fores, where the streets and the inn were so crowded that it was with difficulty we could gain access or admission to the town; after which we were stunned with every species of discord for many hours. Fores, when we could find room to view it, presented a neat town, pleasantly situated between two little hills, and at a small distance from the great ridge of moors which forms the outwork of the Highlands towards this coast. A country well wooded, and admirably cultivated lay between them, and the forest of Tarnaway, with the noble towers of its ancient castle, the seat of the Earl of Murray, stood forward in the landscape, presenting a great contrast to the barren and unornamented districts we had passed. Towards the sea the change was not less

observable, the grand display of the northern bay of Scotland became confest to view, the objects which form the outline of it being scarcely to be matched in any country. The high point called *the Pap* of Caithness, with *the Ord* and its adjoining ridge of hills, forms the extreme horn of this bay toward the north, the indented points of the hills of Sutherland follow next, and the entrance of the great Frith of Dornoch is visible between them and the low projecting promontory of Tarbat-Ness, which seems to lose itself in the sea. Throughout the interior parts of the country innumerable ridges of hills extend themselves over the horizon between the hollow of this aperture, and forming themselves into a bold amphitheatre round it, close in again at length with the coast, terminating abruptly in the two lofty rocks called the Sutters of Cromartie. Through these noble portals enters a narrow channel, which expands itself in sight into the beautiful inland bay of the Frith of Cromartie, capable of containing all the navies of Europe within its sweetly wooded shores, studded with a variety of towns and villages, decked with every possible beauty of cultivation, and ornamented with a profusion of gentlemen's seats. Immediately beneath the rocks which inclose this bason the Frith of Murray expands itself to the left, till it becomes lost amidst the great mountains of Roſsshire and Inverness towering into the clouds, and rising in an infinite variety of pointed summits.

Before we left Fores we visited a very curious remnant of antiquity, near the entrance of the town from the east, a pillar decorated with a variety of hieroglyphic figures, erected on the

final expulsion of the Danes, and dedicated to their king Sueno. Pursuing a very pleasant road towards the west, we crossed the rapid river Findhorn by a disagreeable ford, which passes in a slant direction almost under the walls of Fores, where it falls into the great bay close to the village of Findhorn, which receives its name, and supplies it with a commodious port. We continued to enjoy the fine prospects I have described till we descended to a plain almost entirely ravaged by a strange inundation of light sand from the sea shore, so as to destroy all appearance of vegetation, and ruin the estates of several proprietors. This extraordinary invasion is still in progress, and threatens to spread its devastation still further over the country, forming large hillocks of sand wherever it encounters any current of water to impede its progress, and producing the strange effect of a desert in the midst of pastures and fertility. At the extremity of this tract we forded another river, and approached the little borough of Nairn, pleasantly situated on an eminence immediately opposite to the Sutters of Cromartie, and commanding every object in the northern bay to great advantage. Calder castle, where Duncan was supposed to be murdered by his perfidious host, lay a little on our left, encircled by a range of thick woods, rocky glens, and high moors, forming a fine outline to the Highland mountains which now began to skirt the horizon. Instead of advancing towards them, we still pursued the coast, and on the extreme point of Ardesier which contracts the Murray Frith into a narrow channel, opposite to the little town of Fortrose in Rofsshire, we perceived the walls and

bastions of Fort George, rising as it were out of the sea. Of all the modern fortifications I have ever visited those of Fort George certainly exhibit the neatest appearance, being constructed with the utmost uniformity, and exhibiting at one glance the most perfect model of a fortress. They appear to have been made, and still to be kept up at a very great expence, forming a most commodious barrack for 3000 soldiers; and, from their distance from the seductions of any great town, admirably suited for the training and exercising of recruits. Their interior consists of three regular squares, and several streets superbly built, in front of which is the grand parade, with noble houses for the governor and other principal officers, the whole being buried beneath the ramparts, which rise above the roofs of the houses in all the angles, projections, and out-works invented by the modern art of war. Objects like these, however deficient they may be in picturesque scenery, do not in this country tire the eye by too frequent a repetition; and however we may prefer the walls and battlements of the ancients in landscape, yet we cannot but survey works of such refined ingenuity with surprise and admiration, especially where they have the charm of singularity.

We were handsomely entertained by the lieutenant-governor, Sir Robert Sinclair, during the evening of our stay at Fort George, and on the following morning proceeded on the shore of the Murray Frith to Inverness. This great sheet of water emerging from the straits of Fort George, expands into a capacious bason thirteen miles in length, and then contracts itself again into a narrow channel opposite to Inverness, after

which it swells out once more into a considerable bay, forming what is called the Frith of Beaulieu. The views are uncommonly fine throughout the whole of this ride, the high hills of Roſsshire bounding the bay towards the north, and through their frequent apertures admitting a partial view of the loftier ridges which cover the interior of the country, piled upon each other in the most sublime irregularity. Among these the mighty mountains of Assynt, some of which shine like vast cones of polished marble, extend in a long range from the western coast, and almost rival the display of the Alps, with their pointed rocks and glittering summits. In front the spires of Inverness rise handsomely beneath some wooded eminences from the level of the water, and the vast chain of mountains bounding the shores of Loch-Ness stretch far into the Highlands, terminating in the huge misshapen rock which exalts itself near Fort Augustus.

We passed over the moor of Culloden, rendered famous by the victory of 1745, before we reached Inverness, which may be called the capital of the Highlands. The town itself, though far from inconsiderable, rather disappointed me, as I had annexed a superior degree of consequence to its character and position. Delightfully situated at a small distance from the Murray Frith, on the banks of the river Ness flowing rapidly from its beautiful lake, surrounded by an amphitheatre of noble mountains, and within their cincture embellished with a variety of verdant hills and rising plantations, few towns can boast a spot so singularly pleasing. The ruined walls of its castle

cover a mount immediately over the houses, and from thence the prospect of Inverness, with its bridge and two churches, the manifold windings of the Ness, the singular hill of Tommin-Heurich, resembling the keel of a huge ship turned upwards, and all the distant scenery of the Murray Frith, exhibit an assemblage of objects beautifully contrasted with each other, and diversified with the happiest effects of irregularity.

We now commenced the most difficult and interesting part of our journey, in the excursion we meditated to the falls of Fiers, and the forts Augustus and William, on that chain of lakes which extends, with short intervals, from the eastern to the western sea, almost insulating the northern part of Scotland. The weather seemed at first to favour our enterprize, and we were informed that the roads were practicable, though difficult, and the accommodations, though bad, not quite intolerable. Following the charming valley formed by the rapid Ness, we soon arrived at its lake, adorned with every beauty of Alpine scenery in higher perfection than any lake I had seen in Scotland. Perfectly straight in its form, and without a single curve in sight, it entirely fills the space between the overhanging mountains, while the glassy mirror of its surface, reflecting their various tints, presents the singular appearance of a vista of water losing itself in the horizon, as the furthest summits close in with it, mellowed down in the softest shades by the intervening distance. This lake is about twenty-two miles in length, and from two to three in breadth, being widest about the centre, where the ruins of Castle Urquahart project boldly from the northern

shore, and its sweetly cultivated glen stretches in sight far up the country, intermixed with frequent patches of wood and traces of habitations. Except this little pastoral scene, the whole environs of this noble lake present a truly majestic solitude, either frowning in all the terrific grandeur of naked rocks, or clothed with thick woods of birch and pines down to the very margin of the water. The road, being one of the great military works effected by General Wade and his soldiers, winds along the southern shore, sometimes creeping on a level with the lake, and at others elevated on a high shelf above it; to form which rocks have been blasted, bridges constructed, and eminences surmounted with wonderful labour and ingenuity. Along this extraordinary pass the traveller, shaded by the thick foliage of perpetual wood, is conducted free from terror or difficulty, except in some few places where the road impends too closely over the precipices, while his eyes are charmed with the most beautiful expanse of water that imagination can paint, varying its form every moment with his change of position, and yet preserving that distinguishing feature of straightness, which gives it a different character from all the other lakes in the country. At rather more than half its length we found a small inn, bearing the name of "the General's Hut," from having been the temporary residence of Wade while he superintended the works in this quarter; the aspect of the place was wretched, but there was no other house of entertainment in this dreary region; and we were obliged to eat the dinner we had brought with us from

Inverness in a room without furniture or ceiling, and open at the roof to every attack of the weather.

While our repast was preparing, we walked to see the celebrated falls of Fiers, where a considerable torrent, descending with rapidity from the mountains over a rocky bed, precipitates itself in two great successive falls before it loses itself in Loch-Ness. The first of these is approached through a wood, and seen to great advantage from the arch of a small rustic bridge thrown almost perpendicularly over it; the second is much more considerable, but so difficult of access that few can reach the proper spot to view it from. It presents, however, a truly magnificent spectacle of a prodigious cataract rushing with great force through the hollow of a cliff, and then falling perpendicularly from a vast height between impending precipices and craggy rocks intermixed with wood; creating at the same time a noise highly tremendous, and scattering its foam in the form of smoke to a great distance. To avoid the river which forms these falls, the road here quits the borders of the lake, and winds for a long while between narrow defiles of the rocks and torrents, till it emerges into a vast Alpine plain surrounded with mountains, over one of which a spiral road conducted us to a considerable height, from whence, after crossing a deep and wooded glen, a precipitate descent brought us to the head of Loch-Ness and Fort Augustus, situated between the rivers Tarff and Oich, just where they discharge themselves into the lake. The whitened fronts of the garrison present a handsome object to the country,

but the fortress, consisting of four small bastions, appears neither strong nor considerable to those who have seen Fort George; and it shews evident marks of decay, though a governor is constantly resident, and all the regulations of a garrison are apparently kept up. Perhaps from the long tranquillity which has succeeded the rebellions in this country, it is judged to be no longer necessary; and its distance from the sea prevents its being of any farther service than that of forming a retreat for a few invalid officers and soldiers. A small village, or rather a collection of wretched huts, lies behind the fort; and the inn is a truly miserable residence, void of all comfort, and attended with every possible inconvenience.

CHAP. V.

Expedition from Fort Augustus to Fort William—Loch-Oich—Invergarrie Castle—Loch-Lochy—Letter-Findlay—great Alpine Plain—Low Bridge—vast Mountain of Ben-Nevis—High Bridge—Fort William—Inverlochy Castle—Maryborough—Return to Fort Augustus—high Pass of the Mountains Coryuragan and Coriaraich—laborious Ascent of the Coriaraich—wild and dreary Aspect of the Country—Storm on the Top of the Mountain—dangerous Descent—extraordinary Mountain Scenery at the southern Base of the Coriaraich—majestic Source of the River Spey—wonderful Solitude of the Pass to Garvamore—bad State of the military Roads and Inns in this District—gradual Improvement on leaving Garvamore—dreary Vale in which Dalwhynnie is situated—curious Pass of the Hills to Dalnachardoch—wild Glen of the Carrie opening into an inhabited Country—fine Descent to the Blair of Athol—Blair Castle—Pass of Killikranky—Faskally—Dunkeld—Amilrie—Crieff—beautiful Approach to Drummond Castle—its magnificent Situation.

We were not deterred by the difficulties we experienced from proceeding further up the country; and after passing for some time between two rocky hills came to the river Oich, where it flows from the lake which bears its name. The birch woods on

its southern bank, which we traversed, and the ruins of Invergarriè castle on the northern, projecting forwards before the whitened seat of Mr. Macdonald, and the valley of Glengarriè, formed a miniature of Castle Urquahart, with its glen, and the bolder features of Loch-Ness, but were greatly inferior in beauty. The road wound in the same manner on a shelf above its banks, and then descending into a small tract of level ground, came to the scarcely discernible point in which the waters separate to flow into the eastern or western sea. The great expanse of Loch-Lochy next presented itself, following the latter direction, and clothed with woods similar to those we had passed through on Loch-Oich, but encompassed with greater rocks and mountains. Near the shore of this lake, situated on a beautiful spot of verdure, decked with a few well grown clumps of trees, we found the wretched inn of Letter-Findlay: its considerable structure, when compared with the huts of the country, and its newly whitened front, made us expect better fare than we had hitherto found in the Highland inns; but words are not equal to describe the squalid appearance of filth, misery, and poverty, which prevailed within, and surrounded us while we hurried through our homely dinner with no small portion of disgust.

Soon afterwards we left the banks of Loch-Lochy, crossing over the rocks which form its southern boundary; and entering an Alpine plain, surrounded by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, crossed a fine single arch called the Low Bridge, thrown over a considerable torrent. Innumerable cataracts furrowed the gloomy sides of the mountains, which now became too high to

admit the clothing of wood; and the pointed summits of the mighty Ben-Nevis, the Atlas of North Britain, harbouring eternal snows, and filling up the whole horizon, frowned over us in sullen majesty, through the misty cloud which encompassed them.

From the centre of this mass of mountains issued forth the rapid river Spean, cleaving the whole plain with its channel, and ravaging all the level with the fury of its inundations. The High Bridge, a rude but majestic pile of two great arches, is thrown from hill to hill across this torrent; and the bold and lofty pillar which supports its centre, resting on a huge pile of rocks in the middle of the stream, forms one of the most stupendous specimens of the labours of the military in these desert regions.

The road grew here extremely arduous; and the weather, treacherously disposed from the beginning of the day, now turned completely adverse, pursuing us with unabated rigour to the gates of Fort William. This fortress lies on an arm of the western sea, near the mouth of the river Lochy, and is scarcely so large as Fort Augustus, being only a triangle, but is kept in a much better state of repair. Its utility however is not more considerable in these days of internal peace; and, like its neighbour, it forms only a convenient barrack for invalids or untrained regiments. The river Lochy, recently increased by the waters melted from the snows of Ben-Nevis, discharges itself into the sea beneath its guns; and the ancient towers of Inverlochy castle, almost imitating the grandeur of Conway or Car-

narvon, occupy a station higher up the river; and present an object far more picturesque, though less defensible than the modern plan of fortification.

Behind Fort William we found the little town of Maryborough, consisting chiefly of one wide street, better built and paved than we had any reason to expect in a spot so remote and difficult of access; the inn however was little superior to that of Fort Augustus. A road extends from hence across Baliulish ferry, and over the Black mountain, to the western parts of Scotland, forming the most direct route to Edinburgh; but we pursued it no further, retracing our steps, through incessant storms on the following day, to Fort Augustus.

Our labours were by no means terminated there, as we wished to avoid going back to Inverness; and were induced by a short appearance of sunshine to attempt the difficult ascent of nine miles, which forms the highest pass in Great Britain, over the vast mountains Coryuragan and Coriaraich. Our road soon growing inexpressibly arduous, wound round the rocky hills overhanging Fort Augustus and Loch-Ness; and elevated us to a height truly terrific, springing sometimes from point to point over Alpine bridges, and at others pursuing narrow ridges of rock, frightfully impending over tremendous precipices. With a perpetual succession of these laborious inequalities and their corresponding scenery, we passed the mountain Coryuragan, crossed the two sources of the Tarff, and began to ascend the mightier base of Coriaraich. The wildest and most dreary solitude of Siberia cannot display a scene more desolate than

that which extended round us, as far as the eye could reach on either side; no vestiges of living creatures or their habitations enlivening the desert, and nothing appearing but disjointed rocks, broken torrents, and the tops of more distant mountains. The road alone bore the form of being a human work; and as it began to ascend the furrowed side of the Coriaraich, high stakes placed at equal distances marked its progress, to prevent the inevitable destruction which must await those hardy travellers, who venturing over this pass in times of snow, might deviate from the regular track. The unusual display of their high points, bleached with perpetual storms, sometimes extending in a long line of ascent athwart the mountain, and at others rising in a zig-zag direction over terraces almost parallel, could not fail to astonish and confound a stranger, with the height before him to be surmounted. The road grew more laborious, and the precipice more tremendous, as we approached the summit, broad patches of snow filling the clefts and hollows around us on each side: the weather also, which had gradually declined from its morning splendour, assumed now a tempestuous aspect; the rain beat furiously against us, with terrific gusts of wind; and a thick fog, still more alarming, whirling round the summit of the mountain, frequently enveloped us in a temporary obscurity. Drenched with the wet, as we did not dare continue in our carriages, at length we reached a circular spot, traced out on the highest point of the mountain, and immediately began to descend, by a dangerous and rapid zig-zag, from terrace to terrace, with incessant turnings, so short and so narrow as to

require the utmost circumspection in compassing them. It may easily be imagined how wonderfully precipitate this singular descent is, when I add, that in the progress of little more than two painful miles, we unravelled the whole labyrinth of that eminence, which it cost us so much labour, and nine miles of tedious ascent to attain. At the bottom, however, we rested a while from our labours; and the fog in some measure dispersing, though the rain was unabated, we were able to survey the country, into which we were translated as it were from the clouds. Behind us the great mountain from which we had escaped rose like a perpendicular bulwark, on which we were unable to trace the angular course by which we had worked our passage; and the only track we could distinguish on its front was the chain of cataracts, tumbling in successive falls, which forms the source of the great river Spey. Other mountains, capped with eternal snows, and inferior only in height to that which we had passed, frowned over us on each side, while a long channel appeared worked by the impetuous stream between their bases, through a hollow valley, over which the road hung suspended on a narrow shelf: a broader glen succeeded to this, and the torrent became a rivulet, which after a variety of stages increasing in magnitude, swelled at length into a river, ravaging the little plain it formed, and fretting with furious impetuosity over the numberless asperities with which the feet of the precipices were strewed. With such violent convulsions was the birth of this mighty river attended amidst its native mountains, whose impetuous stream emerging from the chaos it has created,

desolates a vast tract of country in its descent to the sea, which it falls into near Fochabers, where we first crossed it.

Relieved from many of the horrors which attended the former part of our course, we pursued the declivity on a road rendered inexpressibly rough by the broken fragments of rock with which it was strewed, till crossing the Spey, we arrived at the solitary inn of Garvamore, after traversing a desert of eighteen long miles, which it cost us eight hours to surmount. During this whole course our eyes had not encountered a single human being, or even the vestiges of an animal; those quadrupeds which are the natural inhabitants of mountains shunning these barren deserts, where there is nothing to sustain them; and no birds, except the eagle, being hardy enough to frequent their cliffs.—Even at Garvamore the traces of cultivation were far distant; but some miserable cattle were to be seen tied to stakes on the small green patches which the river had spared; and the huts of the natives, thinly sprinkled on the most sheltered spots, appeared like the tents of flying Arabs, or the wig-wams of Indians. The inn, though decent in its exterior, was no better within than those already mentioned; all these houses, together with the military roads which lead to them, being suffered to fall into a shameful state of repair. These ways were made, and these houses built originally at a great expence by government, which still allows annually a considerable sum for their repair and maintenance: little, however, is done on the former, except where they lead to a great town, or the territory of some mighty lord; and the latter are permitted to become almost ruins, to

the great distress of travellers; while the money granted for the support of both, woefully misapplied, seldom finds its way into the public service.

After a miserable dinner at Garvamore, we continued to follow the descent of the Spey over a rugged road, while the valley through which it led increased in width as the river became more considerable. The huts now began to range themselves in clusters, almost apeing the consequence of a village; and just as we left the course of the Spey we saw a neat new built kirk on the opposite bank, and the ruins of Cluny at a distance. A considerable ascent followed, which led us over a dreary heath, surrounded by mountains, many of which were still marked with snow, till we joined the great Inverness road, on the banks of a small river which falls afterwards into the Spey, and soon reached the excellent Highland inn of Dalwhynnie.

We had now surmounted our principal difficulties, but we had by no means reached an inhabited country; for except our inn, which is one of the houses built and maintained by government, not a single habitation was in view.—No trees decorated this highly elevated region, and no inclosures or appearances of cultivation distinguished it; a dreary moor, divided by a rapid river, hastening to mix its waters with the Spey, filled up all the space between an amphitheatre of tremendous mountains, projecting over their bases in huge craggy rocks, and girt around their summits with broad belts of snow.

Through this extraordinary country an admirable military road, interrupted only by the frequency of its steep descents,

and the gutters formed to receive the torrents, conveyed us between the hollows of the hills, till the source of the little river we had hitherto coasted appeared in the dell below us, while the waters of Loch-Carriè filled a small valley in front, from which the river bearing its name rushed precipitately before us to a pass of the mountains, which brought us by a rapid descent to the good inn of Dalnachardoch, which is another of the houses erected by government.

Here the military road to Taybridge and Sterling, crossing the Carriè, branched off through a mountainous tract of country towards the right, while the way which we followed descended into a wild plain on the banks of the river, which soon contracting itself into a narrow glen between high impending rocks, rattled over the fragments with which it was strewed, and formed a deep channel below the terrace on which we passed. Some traces of wood began now to fringe the borders of the stream, and enliven the prospect, which in the course of our descent became still further diversified by small stripes of pasture, forming themselves between the wood and the water: a few decent houses also made their appearance on the spots best suited to them, and prepared us for a return to the haunts of men, and the beauties of cultivation and society. At length the mountains, gradually receding, ranged themselves in formidable array round the fertile plain of Athol; thick woods and rising plantations covered the whole of this embellished territory, through which we approached Blair castle, the noble seat of the Duke of Athol. I was now returned to a part of my for-

mer tour in this country; and with pleasure retraced the charming scenery between Blair and Dunkeld, on the banks of the Carriè, the Tumel, and the Tay, revisiting the grand pass of Killikranky, and the delightful spot of Faskally.

After devoting a day we passed at the excellent inn of Inver to the survey of the Duke of Athol's neighbouring seat at Dunkeld, we left the banks of the Tay, and pursued those of the Braan over a dreary country to Amilriè, where we once more penetrated into the mountains; and through a grand pass, winding curiously between their hollows, descended to Crieff, which may be called the frontier town of the Highlands toward the plain of Straith-Earn, all whose riches were now again opened to our view.

Through this plain we approached the hospitable walls of Drummond castle, lately restored by government to the descendant of the noble family of Perth, to whom the honours of his ancestors are likely also to be soon added. A fine avenue introduced us to a park charmingly varied with wood, through which a serpentine road imperceptibly raised us, between thick groves and swelling lawns, to the summit of the bold rock on which the present house stands elevated, in front of the ruins of the old castle. The building, though irregular, is ample and convenient; nor can the beauty of the knoll on which it stands, sheltered by an amphitheatre of fine woods and numerous rising plantations, be described with justice.—Add to this, the extensive prospect it commands of the Highland mountains and the town of Crieff on the one side, and the whole range of the

Ochill hills on the other, together with the Earn winding through its highly cultivated vale in the centre, as far as the hill of Moncrieff near Perth, and the more distant summits of the Grampians, near Cupar in Angus, and you may fairly conclude this favoured spot is scarcely to be matched in North Britain. Its hospitality is fully equal to its beauty; and the welcome reception we found with its noble owners, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, formed one of the pleasantest features in our whole expedition, and made us regret that the two agreeable days we spent with them passed away only too rapidly. Grandeur without ostentation, and elegance unincumbered by form, characterize the happy manners with which this amiable family recommend themselves to their neighbours, as well as to those strangers who are received within their walls.

CHAP. VI.

Excursion to Deniera—its romantic Position—View of Loch-Earn—Auchyntyre—Camp of Ardoch—Dunblain—Cumbernauld—Glasgow—Paisley—Hamilton—Whiteburn—Calder—Edinburgh—Middleton—striking Pass of the Limmermuir Hills to Bankhouse—Gallashields—Melross Abbey—Fly-Bridge—Kelso—Vale of the Tweed—Vale of the Tiviot—Ancram Bridge—Hawick—Moss-paul Inn—Langholm—improved Territory of the Duke of Buccleugh—charming Valley of the Eske—grand Approach to England—Long-Town—Carlisle—Return to London.

We devoted one morning of the two days we passed at Drummond castle to that charming place and its environs, and another to visiting Deniera, the romantic seat of Mr. Dundas, in the midst of those mountains which encompass the foot of Loch-Earn. The house is a plain but convenient modern structure, surrounded by a lawn well planted, and sheltered from all inclemency of weather: bare and naked mountains rise all around it in the most gigantic forms, disrobed of their terror by several intervening hills, sweetly planted, and aspiring in a variety of conic points. Most of the hollows between these eminences are clothed with wood; and several spiral walks, drawn with great art, lead by easy ascents to all the summits, some of which

command the place and its ornamented environs, while others front the stupendous display of mountains, and catch the beautiful expanse of Loch-Earn, filling the whole space between their bases. The windings of the river add another feature to this extraordinary landscape; and a fine natural cascade, falling in several unequal stages from rock to rock, diversifies the scene in another quarter. A more sweetly sequestered spot can hardly be imagined than this little paradise, created with so much taste out of a barren desert, which seems rather suited to the solitary tenor of a hermit's meditations, than the occasional retirement of a minister of state from the duties of his office.

We varied our road in our return, to pass by Auchyntyre, a handsome modern house of Sir William Murray, placed on a high terrace, in the middle of a steep wood; and commanding an extensive view over a small lake within its own confines, and all the adjacent country, together with the town of Crieff, and its two bridges over the river Earn.

On the following morning we left the hospitable mansion of Drummond castle with regret; and bidding farewell to its worthy possessors, resumed our wandering occupation. We passed a Roman camp in good preservation near the bridge of Ardoch, and proceeding over a well cultivated plain, found the ruins of a handsome though small cathedral at Dunblain.

Soon afterwards we descended to the banks of the river Forth, and the rich vale in which the lofty pile of Sterling castle, rising proudly above its town, almost rivals the grandeur of the rock of Edinburgh. The wonderful prospect it commands, though

not new to me, claimed again its tribute of admiration, and amply recompensed us for the labour of climbing through the dirty and winding streets of the town to gain it. For some miles after we left Sterling the views continued fine, frequently extending over the Forth, and part of its æstuary; but soon after we crossed the great canal, and passed an old seat of Lord Elphinstone at Cumbernauld, the country degenerated into a dreary and ill cultivated expanse, somewhat between a morass and a moor, through which we pursued our way, by a new and ill made turnpike road, to Glasgow.

I found this great commercial city much improved in the six years which had elapsed since my last visit to it, numberless fine houses having sprung up in its environs, and a new town being constructed on its north side. These accessions are yet unfinished, in consequence of the check commerce received at the commencement of last year; and though the works are in some places resumed, the exertions that are made seem generally to be attended with that languor which results from impeded circulation, and a depression of the national spirit. Enough, however, is finished, to indicate the plan pursued, which though regular, and even elegant in some respects, preserves its analogy to the commercial character of the place. The houses, built of white stone, and perfectly neat in their uniformity, are generally small, and lower than the style of even the modern buildings in Scotland: their ground floors are almost universally devoted to shops, with a singular degree of propriety; and they

presume not to rival the courtly splendour of the new town of Edinburgh. Amidst these modern improvements, the old city of Glasgow has not been neglected; many obstructions have been removed, and both in the width of its principal street, and the grand display of buildings about its centre, it may vie with, if not excel, all the commercial cities and towns in England.

We made a short excursion from hence to visit Paisley, which may almost be called a new creation, from the flourishing state of its manufactures. Its mercantile consequence exceeded my expectations; but its streets disappointed me, exhibiting a bad miniature of the superior grandeur of Glasgow, but without its beauty or regularity. The ruins of its abbey, to which Paisley was formerly indebted for its support, are worthy of observation; and strangers are shewn one of its vaults, now the burial place of the Abercorn family, chiefly for the sake of the echo for which it is remarkable. The country between the two towns is well planted, and adorned with many villas; and the approach to Glasgow over its fine new bridge shews the numerous spires of that great city to considerable advantage.

In our way from Glasgow to Hamilton, we visited the beautiful seat of Bothwell castle, to which ornamented domain a noble house has been added by Lord Douglas since I last saw it. The palace of Hamilton, presenting a melancholy contrast to its former splendour, seemed to languish in a miserable state of neglect since I had last seen it: we turned from it with disgust, and pursued a good road over a dreary moor to

Whiteburn, after which the country improved greatly as we approached the neat village of Calder, and returned to the fine scenery surrounding Edinburgh.

After a stay of one day at this capital, we took the Carlisle road towards England; and encountering a perpetual succession of short but sharp hills, crowded with an infinity of coal carts, we at length emerged from the vale, after crossing the North and South Eske, and near Middleton approached the ridge of hills which forms its boundary. From one of their summits we enjoyed a farewell view of the majestic and beautiful objects surrounding Edinburgh, not unlike that we first encountered on the top of Soutra hill, and then penetrating into their hollows, soon became inclosed in a chain of narrow valleys, formed by rapid rivulets between the bases of impending hills. Defective in the solemn grandeur which distinguishes the Highland passes, this aperture may boast a peculiar beauty in the fine shapes and glossy smoothness of its hills, clothed with verdure to their highest points, and dotted every where with large flocks of sheep, grazing as high as the eye can carry them towards the region of the clouds. The placid course of the rivulet, the admirable road we followed on a shelf above it, and the occasional mixture of small patches of trees, enlivened this singularly pleasing solitude, and contrasted it with the gloomy deserts of the Highland mountains, whose summits towering in tremendous rocks, strew all the valleys with their fragments, and seem to terminate the confines of the habitable world. Near the top of this singular pass, and a little below the rise of the river

Galla, we found the little inn of Bankhouse, where the accommodations, though humble, were far from intolerable. From thence we pursued the Galla in its descent, till we crossed it near the small town of Gallashields, soon after which it falls into the Tweed.

We had now deserted the Carlisle road, and turning to the east, soon descended into a spacious plain, where the Tweed rolls its transparent stream, which we crossed at a small village by a handsome bridge, just before we reached the venerable ruins of Melross abbey. In a sweetly sequestered, yet cultivated vale, terminated towards the south by the conic hills of Eildon, and occupying an eminence above one of the finest rivers in the kingdom, this majestic pile boasted every advantage of nature and of art. Its happy position, and the exquisite remains of the Gothic architecture it still displays, do ample credit to the taste of the age in which it flourished, and far excel all the monastic ruins I have seen in Scotland in beauty and magnificence. Its date should be about the beginning of the 15th century, when that species of building emerged a little from its original plainness, and admitted a small degree of chaste and judicious ornament. The pointed arch, the clustered column, and the high raised roof, still remain in the full perfection of their pristine simplicity, and mark an æra more deserving the title of the improved Gothic, than that succeeding age, which extending the roof, and depressing the arches with ponderous key-stones, loaded every pile both within and without with a cumbrous profusion of heavy and ill placed ornaments. This

abbey is said to have been one of the richest in Scotland, and appears to have occupied a great tract of ground; at present, the church alone seems capable of being well distinguished, the western aile of which is entire, and now forms the parochial kirk of Melross. Great part of the tower also is yet standing; but the choir is a pile of ruins, sufficiently marked however to denote the former elegance of the structure: of this the south gate and transept, with the rich east window, and the circle above it, which are almost equal to those of York cathedral, present a striking specimen.

After a hasty survey of these respectable remnants of antiquity, we left the town of Melross, now reduced to an inconsiderable village, and descended to the banks of the Tweed at Fly-Bridge, a handsome modern structure of the red stone peculiar to this part of the country. Crossing the river close to its confluence with the Leader, we ascended a steep hill, and pursued a dreary tract till we joined the great Lauder road at Smailholm, and descended by Fleurs, a noble seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, to Kelso. This is one of the handsomest country towns in Scotland, and assumes a degree of neatness and even gaiety, to which we had been long unaccustomed. Its situation is enchantingly beautiful, in a fine vale washed by the Tweed, close to its junction with the Tiviot, encompassed by rich meadows, and the well planted inclosures surrounding many seats of the nobility and gentry, among which that of the Duke of Roxburgh is most conspicuous. The town itself is regularly laid out in several streets, which meet in a large square, from the

centre of which rises the town-house, with its high tower. The ruins of its once magnificent abbey make a respectable figure; and its bridge over the Tweed is a handsome structure, from which a prospect is commanded inferior to few in the kingdom.

Crossing this bridge, we took our farewell of the Tweed, and followed the banks of the Tiviot to Hawick, through a fine vale, which may be called the most habitable and improved part of Scotland. The river Jed, after washing the walls of Jedburgh, falls into the Tiviot near the centre of this charming district; and on the opposite bank, the sweet situation of Mount Tiviot, embellished with fine woods and rising plantations, occupies one of the finest spots in the country. A neat bridge is erected here near the village of Ancram, not unlike that of the Fly-Bridge over the Tweed, for the purpose of forming a much nearer road from London to Edinburgh than either of the ways now travelled, deviating from the present north road near Darlington, crossing the Tyne at Corbridge near Hexham, and penetrating through the wilds of Northumberland, on the western side of the Cheviot hills, to Jedburgh, Ancram-Bridge, Fly-Bridge, and Lauder. This road, though completed to the boundary of Scotland, is yet unfinished through the counties of Durham and Northumberland; and those who attempt it are obliged to take a circular course from Newcastle, through a dreary and ill provided country, by Cambo, Elsdon, and Otterbourn, at a distance from towns, and within reach only of such small and miserable inns as we found at each of the bridges.

As we approached Hawick, the vale contracting with the river

became highly romantic, and the spot on which that town is situated appeared finely marked by impending hills, rocks, and cataracts.

Here we rejoined the great western road, and once more entering a defile of the hills, traced the Tiviot to its source, crossing it frequently by handsome bridges through a country not unlike that we had followed from Middleton to Bankhouse, though somewhat inferior. Near the wretched and solitary inn of Moss-paul we came to the division of the waters flowing into the eastern and western seas, and descending towards the latter, followed the Eske, which rapidly increased from a small mountain stream to a handsome river, as we approached the town of Langholm, situated in a charming valley, near a neat modern seat of the Duke of Buccleugh, which was formerly the site of a castle. We had now passed, as I was informed, near forty miles through the territory of this nobleman, all the inhabitants of which did ample justice to his liberality and public spirit. He seems indeed to possess in a very great degree those active virtues which bless and enrich not only himself, but all the country subject to his influence. Throughout the whole of this tract the farms are well cultivated, the roads incomparably good, and the habitations far superior to those miserable huts with which the richest parts of Scotland are too often disgraced. A sure proof is hereby exhibited of the universal prevalence of example, by the happy complexion which a whole country assumes from the beneficence and judicious attentions of its owner.

The Eske increased greatly in size as well as rapidity below Langholm, and the road carried on a shelf immediately impending over it, wound beautifully through rich groves of oaks and birch which fringed the margin of the river. These fine barriers at length receding, gave room to a range of verdant meadows, and a distant prospect opening to our view, presented a spacious plain terminated by the majestic hills of Cumberland, over which the lofty point of Skiddaw towered with a marked pre-eminence.

Such was the greeting with which we were restored to England, just before we crossed the Eske near the fine seat of Sir James Graham, to Long-Town, from whence we proceeded, with the same grand objects in view, to the gates of Carlisle.

We had now only a beaten tract through a well known country before us, and pursued the direct road through Westmorland and Lancashire, with little deviation, to London.

CHAP. VII.

Observations on the State of Scotland and its Inhabitants.

BEFORE I close this account of our travel, I feel disposed to add a few reflections on the state of Scotland and its inhabitants, in pursuance of the plan I adopted in my former Tour through that country. Every thing then seemed tending in a rapid state towards perfection: man, like the insect bursting from its chrysolis, appeared to expand from his state of rest and inactivity, and all the blessings of industry began to pour their benign influence on this newly awakened people. Hence arose that spirit of emulation and invention, which produced new manufactures, and improved those already established; hence also sprang that avidity for wealth and commercial importance which, together with the eager application of its local and natural advantages, carried the Scottish nation forward to its zenith of prosperity with a celerity altogether unparalleled. The same spirit, roused as it were from the torpid state in which it had languished through so many dark ages, manifested itself in all their public works and undertakings, as well as in the private exertions of individuals; no cities in England could boast a splendour or regularity equal to those of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth, and the rising plantations of the Scottish nobility and gentry, instead of embellishing a single district,

covered the face of a whole country, and almost aped the dignity of forests.

But alas! all those advantages which arise from the polish and refinement of society, are too much exposed to the vices growing out of their excess, and the hasty advance of Scotland has exposed it, like the early buds of spring, to the pernicious effect of that chilling torpor, to which the calamitous events of 1793 have exposed all the mercantile and commercial world. Wanting that deep rooted stability, which should have preceded a display of grandeur and riches, and embracing a scale of undertakings rather suited to its ambition than its actual situation, the fabric became unwieldy, like a child that has outgrown itself, and the whole circulation stagnated in a moment beneath the first attack of adversity. That shock, which produced the temporary concussion of an earthquake to trade in England, seems to have afflicted the frame of Scotland with an universal palsy, and nothing can be imagined more deplorable than the aspect Glasgow in particular exhibited in the almost extinguished state of its commerce, and the sudden dereliction of its half finished buildings. The undue extension of paper credit suffered the same severe blow as in England; but here, where little else but paper was current, the stroke was more sensibly felt, and is more difficult to be recovered. Wise and prudent measures may however in part remove the load and avert the impending evil, the plan must be contracted within its proper compass, the intrinsic wealth and power of the nation considered in forming the outline, and the advance must

be slow and progressive. A gradual and regular improvement in all the orders of society will follow, instead of those vehement efforts by which a few individuals have adorned their immediate territory, while the general mass has undulated in an imperfect state of fermentation.

Through all the extent of this country that I passed, after an interval of six years, I could not but lament, in almost every quarter, the general frustration of my sanguine prophecies in favour of the Scottish nation, and the little progress that refinement, which then seemed hastily advancing, appears now to have made in so long a period. It may be difficult to trace this properly to its source; but independent of all impediments which have arisen from the late perplexed state of public credit, much may probably be accounted for from the condition of the several orders of society, and their habitual adherence to ancient prejudices. In England, the scale is gradual and determined between the highest and the lowest situation; the nobility generally enjoy the splendour annexed to their station without possessing an undue influence; and while the rights of the peasant are as fully ascertained as those of the prince, his enjoyments are as powerfully secured. The ample possessions of the gentry, and the opulence derived from commerce, form the intermediate links of the great chain of society, and the whole is so well connected by reciprocal advantages, and so perfectly tempered by time and experience, that it acts with all the energy of union, and is fully equal to correct such defects as may occasionally arise in the system, without loosening the great band of national concord.

In Scotland, we see the same disposition to advantage the public, without the same ability; prejudices of long standing interrupt the regular movement of the machine; and the many efforts which have been made, though highly commendable, have failed in their effect, for want of that universal impulse, which alone can operate a lasting change.

The nobility of Scotland are absolute, and almost omnipotent in their widely extended domains; and the yet untitled lairds, inheriting the property of their ancestors, exert the same authority, and often enjoy a superior degree of power, from the peculiar circumstances of their families; the great commoner being frequently at the head of his clan, and the nobleman of the same race submitting to his acknowledged superiority and influence. In either case, these grand aristocratic chieftains, standing more distinct from the common mass of the people than our English nobility, govern an immense territory, with all the imposing splendour of feudal subjection. The rigour, it is true, is frequently dispensed with; and to the credit of this order of men it may be said, that very few cases of oppression have of late occurred; the power, however, still remains, and by elevating a certain number to so high a pitch, almost without any intermediate degrees, it insulates them too much from the other orders of society, to permit their benefiting the general mass in an adequate degree. Their hospitality is most alluring, but this has chiefly its effect towards strangers: their beneficence is often considerable, but it is too frequently limited in its extent, by want of proper intercourse, and an obstinate adherence

to ancient maxims. Hence it happens that the circulation of improvement has not been general; and the pulsation produced by the successful efforts of a few individuals, has languished for want of proper countenance, and a general spirit animating a whole kingdom alike. The medium arising from commerce has likewise been wanted, for trade has generally been confined to a few flourishing towns, like Perth and Glasgow; and however considerable these have become, the opulence derived from them has seldom extended far beyond their confines, or penetrated into the interior recesses of the country. The clergy also, though decently provided for, are not sufficiently rich to form a bulwark against the great landholders; and those who follow the other liberal professions, are generally either the cadets of noble families, or employed at too great a distance to admit of their interfering in the internal management of the country. There we see but one great step between the mighty lord and the humble peasant; or the only existing medium is formed by the agents of the former, who too often presuming on the inattention of their superiors, depress the latter, even beneath the miseries of their homely state. Hence it happens that the peasants of Scotland have not pursued the advantages offered them by the present age, with that vigour and animation which must insure success, and to this cause it may partly be referred, that industry makes a very partial progress in eradicating those bad habits which have been encouraged and fomented through long successive ages. Some strong incitement is wanted to conquer the almost incurable idleness of this people, who clustered in

mud-built cottages, overwhelmed with filth, and void of either food or raiment, prefer such wretchedness to the benefits to be acquired by labour.

Such was the picture of the distant provinces, and more particularly of the Highlands, in 1793; the dawnings of improvement, with which I had flattered my imagination in 1787 having subsided, and a total stagnation seeming to pervade the system. In the neighbourhood of some great towns, and the seats of a few of the most liberal nobility and gentry, the prospect appeared somewhat fairer, and I would fain hope it will continue to brighten, till it spreads into the remotest provinces, and finally establishes the prosperity of North Britain on the firm basis of justice, industry, and mutual intercourse.

FINIS.

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